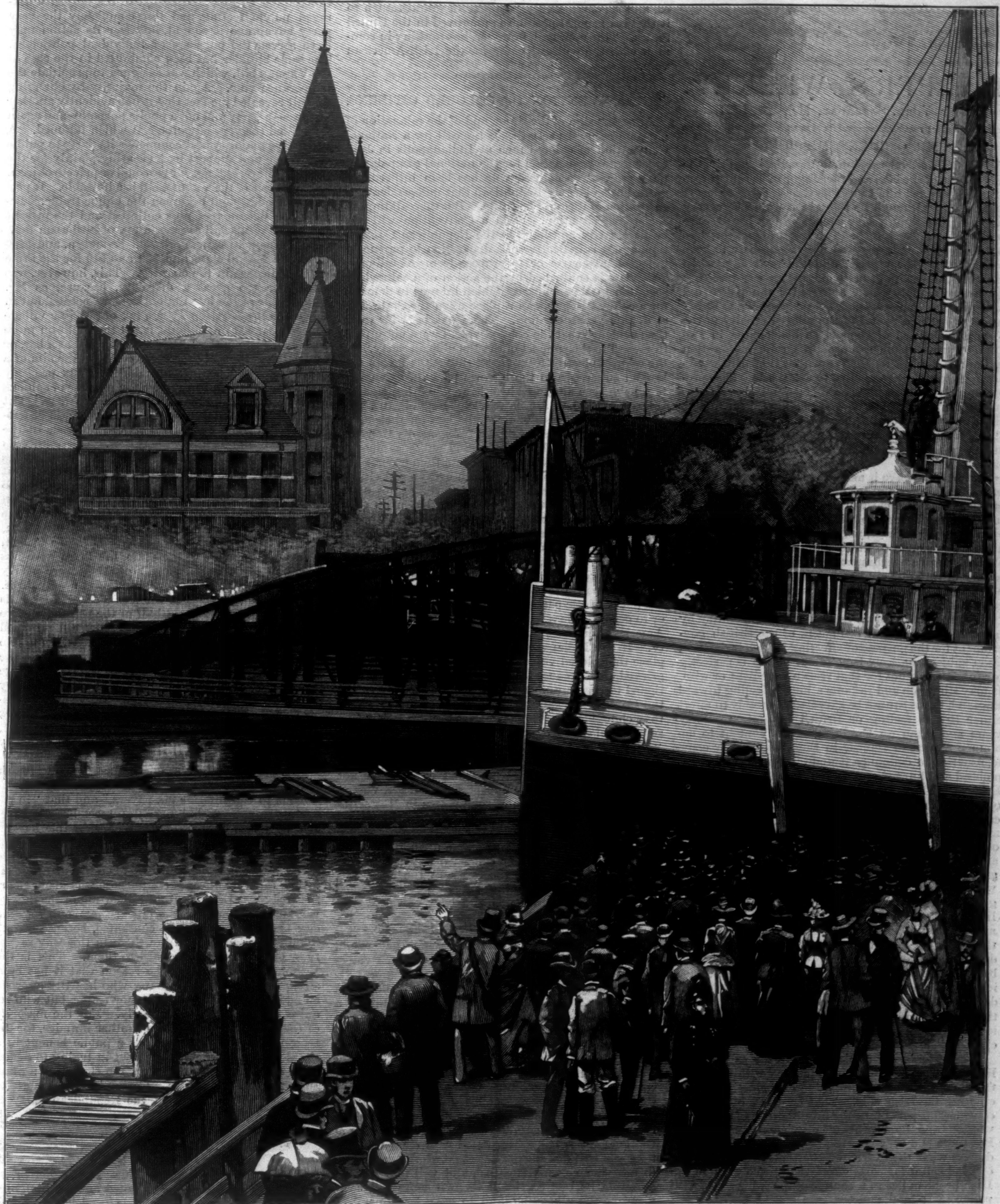
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 1588.
Copyright, 1887, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1887.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



"BRIDGED"—A FAMILIAR CHICAGO EXPERIENCE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 387.]

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a great treasure-house filled to overflowing with delightful surprises, an ever-recurring joy."—*Buffalo Times.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for May 24 is an unusually good one. Among its contents may be found an article entitled "The Miscroscope, and How to Use It—a Chapter for Beginners," by DR. ALFRED C. STOKES, *author of "Microscopy for Beginners"; a story by* KIRK MUNROE, *called "Why the Ready Rangers went Hungry"; and a pretty little story, "Adventures of the First Spring Violet."*

Two very handsome engravings embellish this number, namely, "The May-flowers," drawn by J. MACDONALD, *the subject being taken from* WHITTIER'S *poem of that title, and*

"DECORATION DAY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD,"

DRAWN BY CARL HIRSCHBERG.

There are also illustrations to the two serials, "The Colonel's Money," by LUCY C. LILLIE, *and "Two Fools and their Folly," by* H. P. WELLS.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1887.

MR. O'BRIEN'S MISSION.

MR. O'BRIEN'S mission to Canada is within the letter of the law, and the Mayor of Toronto properly telegraphed him that if he should come to speak in that city, although he thought it would be a very unwise proceeding, yet he should protect his exercise of the right of free speech. The Mayor, however, does not seem to have interposed very vigorously to keep order during the speech; and the next day, when walking through the streets, the orator was forced to fly before a mob, which apparently the police did not endeavor to disperse. The object of Mr. O'BRIEN seems to be, by a recital of the alleged cruelty of the Governor-General of Canada to his tenants in Ireland, to arouse such a storm of public indignation in Canada against its Governor that the British government would be compelled to recall him. This proceeding of Mr. O'BRIEN would be equally lawful also in the United States. It would be lawful for him in the same way to excite the wrath of the Irishmen in this country against Lord LANSDOWNE, and against the British government if it did not recall him. But how would the sober and intelligent people of this country like to have it made the arena for the debates of British politics and for dictation to the British government? The American people are rather sensitive to foreign interference with their own affairs, and even to strong expressions of opinion as to their conduct. The course of the London *Times*, the attitude of the British government, and the tone of English society during our civil war renewed all the ancient hostility of American feeling toward England. England, *mutatis mutandis*, may be equally sensitive.

The prosecution of an agitation in this country by personal denunciation of officers of the British government for the purpose of affecting British legislation upon subjects entirely beyond our action is perfectly lawful, but it is not for that reason expedient or wise. It may stimulate and inflame a hostile feeling toward England, but it cannot be expected favorably to affect either British feeling or British legislation. Fifty years ago, when an Englishman, not content to denounce American slavery in England, bravely came to America to denounce it upon its own soil, he was mobbed and hunted and driven from the country. If Englishmen had organized vast societies and a thorough system of agitation in England against American slavery, and had denounced Congress and the Administration, and raised vast sums of money to carry on the agitation here and to pay the election expenses and the maintenance of antislavery members of Congress, how would Americans have liked it? How much would it have advanced emancipation or promoted good feeling between the countries? No sincere English foe of American slavery, who had also some familiarity with human nature, would have regarded that as a policy fitted to produce the result which he desired. He would have said, "Here is a great wrong, but it is one that can only be remedied by the American people, and while everybody in the world may denounce the wrong, if everybody is wise he will bear that fact in mind, and aim to influence American opinion in a way that will promote and not defeat emancipation."

It is undoubtedly a mistake upon the part of Englishmen to suppose that the sympathy with Ireland in the United States is wholly due to the desire of conciliating the Irish vote. That explains, of course, a considerable part of it—the fulminations of party conventions and the speeches of conspicuous demagogues. But there is a very general feeling, among those who despise what the Chicago *Times* calls this "emission of flapdoodle" for party effect, that the solution of the Irish problem lies in a change of the spirit of English policy in Ireland, and that the present coercion bill will effect nothing, because it is conceived in the spirit under which Ireland has grown more and more dissatisfied and alienated. The government says that it is not a political bill, and is meant only to punish crime. The Irish reply that if the bill be modified so as to provide only for the punishment of crime, they will not oppose it. But this offer shows that the bill was more than a provision against crime, and that it was but another manifestation of the spirit which cannot possibly settle the question. "The question with me," said EDMUND BURKE, in speaking of the American colonies, "is not whether you have a right to render your people miserable, but whether it is not your interest to make them happy." And again he says that British authority, unquestionable and supreme in America as it rightfully was, could be preserved in the actual condition of the colonies only "by the greatest reserve in its application, particularly in those delicate points in which the feelings of mankind are the most irritable." It is this kind of consideration which the English policy in Ireland has neglected, and it is because Mr. GLADSTONE would return to it that his general position is approved in the United States. This approval, however, has nothing in common with the political game for the Irish-American vote.

THE CONVENTION OF COLORED CITIZENS.

ANOTHER sign of the times, and of the relaxation of old political and party ties, is the call for a National Convention of colored men at Indianapolis in July to promote organization for the national campaign of next year. The colored vote has been hitherto regarded as so largely Republican that independent organization of it would be futile. But this call implies a changed situation. Such a Convention will not be necessarily auxiliary to the Republican Convention, and it is indicative of a disposition to pursue an independent course or to propose terms of alliance. This view is confirmed by the action of a colored association in Massachusetts, which intends to demand for a colored Republican a place upon the State ticket at this year's election. There has been for some time evidence that the colored voters were not united in regard to the support of the Republican party, and the earnest pleas of FREDERICK DOUGLASS for an unbroken adherence to the historic party of emancipation have been answered by other colored leaders that the colored voters are flattered by Republicans, but, in plain English, receive no equivalent for their aid.

If this be the reason of the Indianapolis Convention, however, it will not command public sympathy or respect. That Convention would then become but another sign of a tendency which every good citizen will oppose, a tendency to combine voters, not upon legitimate questions of public policy, but upon such irrelevant facts as race, or color, or birthplace, or occupation, or religion. The classification and organization of American citizens as Irish voters, or German voters, or colored voters, or Catholic voters, or Protestant voters, or labor voters, or capital voters, is for every reason to be deprecated. Parties of classes are not patriotic parties, and whatever tends to foster or to organize class feeling in this country is an anti-American tendency, and a tendency menacing liberty. If the Indianapolis Convention be designed to place the colored voters before the country as an aggrieved class because they do not hold offices proportioned to their numbers, the leaders who have called the Convention should consider the light in which they choose to present themselves to their fellow-citizens. It is that of political mercenaries, of those "who follow for the reward," whose motive is not conviction, or patriotism, or the public welfare, but private and personal profit. That is certainly not the method to win public respect for colored voters. If the reported intention of such voters in Massachusetts should prove to be correct, and they should demand a place upon the State ticket for a colored voter because he is a colored voter, and upon the understanding that if it be not conceded the colored vote will be thrown against the ticket at the polls, will patriotic and self-respecting colored men be satisfied with the position in which as a body of voters they will be placed?

If there were any specific wrong inflicted by law upon colored citizens in Massachusetts, they would be perfectly justified in combining as colored voters at the polls to secure a redress of the grievance. Or if there were any national wrong done to them as a class by national authority, they would be taking a wise course to procure a remedy if they should agree as a class to vote for the party which would pledge itself to correct the wrong. But this is not the situation. The treatment of which they complain is not remediable in the way that the Massachusetts colored voters propose. The ground of their complaint is want of regard for them as a body. Do they think that regard will be increased by offering their votes in exchange for a nomination? The Convention at Indianapolis is to be deprecated as a class Convention, and still more if the object be what it is alleged to be. But since it is called, and will undoubtedly assemble, its best service to its own cause will be to disprove the allegation, and to exhort its members and the voters whom it represents to an intelligent political independence, to cast their votes next year for the candidate whose election seems to them to assure honest and economical and wise administration, and to judge parties by their actual relations to living questions, if they can discover what those relations are.

THE VEDDER BILL.

IN speaking of the New York Constitutional Convention bill we pointed out that the simplest way for the responsible majority of the Legislature was the most expedient way. The prompt passage of the original bill, which provided fairly for the composition of the Convention and for its session this year, would have shown the people of the State that the majority was anxious honestly to comply with the popular mandate as expressed at the election. But by modifying the bill for a party advantage, and deferring its passage to the end of the session so that no Convention will be held this year, the majority outraged public feeling, and lost completely the very party advantage it sought, however its action may have served the purposes of individual politicians. The same blunder has been committed in the case of the VEDDER bill, which was designed to propitiate the temperance vote. Again the majority by changing the bill revealed the fact that it had evidently another purpose—a party and not a public purpose—and again imperilled the very advantage at which it aimed. A legislative majority best commends its party to public confidence and support by legislating plainly for the public welfare, and not for personal or private objects.

The object of the VEDDER bill is admirable. It proposes an additional tax upon the liquor traffic. Besides the license fees now collected and the present tax, the VEDDER bill assesses a tax of $400 upon first-class licenses in New York and Brooklyn, and $100 upon the second-class, and $30 and $10 for the same grade of license in the country. This, however, was altogether too great a disparity, because, as Mr. BRIGGS, one of the late State Assessors, pointed out in a letter to the *Evening Post*, a tax of $10, in a village of less than 500 inhabitants, is not the profit on more than two gallons of whiskey sold at retail at a bar, or on twelve gallons of beer. Nevertheless the aim of a tax bill is good, because an additional tax properly adjusted would tend to reduce the number of saloons and to diminish the incentives to drunkenness. But obviously the money raised by the tax should be subject to the same disposition as the proceeds of the license tax, and for the same reason. These proceeds are paid into the local treasury to defray the expenses imposed upon the locality by the sale of liquor. But the VEDDER bill was changed so as to pay them into the State Treasury. The injustice of this disposition appears at once from Mr. BRIGGS'S statement that the taxes in New York altogether are about $30 per capita, while in St. Lawrence they are but $2 32. In 1886, in twenty-six counties of the State, the taxes were less than one per cent., in New York they were nearly two and one-half per cent., and in Kings nearly three. The weight of taxation in the city of New York falls upon the rent-payers, and half of the population live in tenement-houses. Yet the VEDDER bill proposed to take the money from New York and Brooklyn "to relieve the farmers of their one-cent taxes." "If the saloons," says Mr. BRIGGS, "pay $2,000,000 or more taxes every year in New York city, all the money should go into the city treasury. Why should Monroe County be relieved at the expense of New York city of nearly $80,320, Oneida County nearly $51,861, Onondaga County $60,448, Washington County $22,127, and Westchester County $79,273?"

This plainly unfair provision justifies the remark of the *Tribune*, that the bill is "especially advantageous to the interior tax-payers," and that "in assessing New York and Brooklyn most heavily it relieves the rest of the State of a considerable burden of taxation"; that is to say, "the rural Republican tax-payers will gain by this heavy assessment of the Democratic city tax-payers." When this manifest injustice for a manifest party purpose was made clear, the reply was that a certain proportion of the money would be returned to the cities; that is to say, the city tax-payers should be contented, because of one hundred dollars taken from them in this way seventy or eighty will be returned to them. This is the VEDDER bill, and this is the reason that it has been strenuously opposed by many who heartily approve an additional tax upon the liquor traffic, but who require that it shall be laid fairly. For the majority of the Legislature the bill is another blunder, for the reason that it does not aim at a public benefit in a simple and unsuspicious way, but in trying to secure some other object again offers the Governor a plausible ground for a veto. Certainly our remark of last week is justified, that the Republican party of New York is ill-advised.

MAYOR HEWITT.

PROBABLY no citizen of New York, whether he voted for Mayor HEWITT or voted against him, now regrets his election. The Mayor has devoted himself to the duties of his office with an intelligence and energy which have produced the most excellent results. The Mayor clearly comprehends what seemed to be

forgotten, that his office is largely concerned with the details of municipal comfort and convenience, and that while he is to take care that the great interests of the city do not suffer, he is also to remedy the petty abuses which are constantly invading the rights of the citizens. Mayor HEWITT has kept a watchful eye upon the larger subjects of his official responsibility, but he has not forgotten the smaller. The multiform nuisance of street obstructions, for instance—the occupation of the streets by carts and wagons, and their appropriation for storage of goods, and for barrels of garbage and refuse of every kind—has received his most careful and corrective attention. Such things, which are disagreeable in small towns, become great abuses in large cities. They are tolerated, however, from a good-natured regard for poor owners, or from the fact of long habit. They are, however, none the less wrongs upon the public, but only a Mayor of pluck and persistence and intelligent public spirit will deal with them effectively, as Mayor HEWITT has done.

His character appears not less agreeably, in another way, in his strict enforcement of the Sunday liquor law. Laws should be either repealed or enforced. If they are inconsiderate, and outrun the public opinion which alone gives validity to special acts and secures respect for law in general, they should be modified. But while they remain laws they should be enforced, if for no other reason than to stimulate the demand for modification to bring them into accord with public feeling. The Mayor has enforced the law which forbids the selling of liquor on Sunday. It applies to the sale of beer and light wines as well as to ardent spirits. The large part of the population which is accustomed to beer or wine as a beverage upon holidays is deprived of them upon the chief holiday. The beer which they can buy on every other day at dinner they cannot buy for the Sunday dinner. The law prohibits it, and the Mayor has no discretion in enforcing the law. The public owes to his fidelity and tenacity the demonstration of the whole scope of the law, and it is enabled to decide whether it is a law which it desires to see maintained and enforced. It is evident that Mayor HEWITT will use all his authority and all his lawful power to compel obedience, and whether he succeeds or fails, with the resources at his present command, he will have discharged his full duty, and have performed a great public service. Whether the law can or cannot be effectively enforced, and whether it is or is not expedient to enforce such a law, will be clearly shown by the wise and resolute action of the Mayor.

Still another form of his official efficiency is the recommendation to the Legislature of certain desirable legislation for the welfare of the city, signed by the Mayor and the chief municipal officers. The brief paper suggesting a proper provision for small parks, subways, etc., was a concise and conclusive document, bearing intrinsic evidence of the competency of the advisers and the value of the advice. The Legislature acted promptly upon one of the chief recommendations, and the bill for additional parks in the city of New York is now a law. It is a very important and beneficial law, giving to the Board of Street Opening power to locate and lay out parks below One-hundred-and-fifty-fifth Street as it may from time to time determine. The Board must apply to the Supreme Court to appoint Commissioners of Estimate, who are to estimate the loss and damage to owners of property to be taken for the parks. The report of the Commissioners is to be submitted for approval to the Supreme Court upon the application of the Mayor and Aldermen. When confirmed, the title of the land passes to the city, and the cost of the improvement, above the sum realized by assessments upon neighboring property which is benefited, is to be met by issuing city bonds. The law authorizes the transformation of masses of noisome human habitations into parks for the refreshment of the soul and body of the poorest people. It is a provision of moral and physical sanitation, and it is another good work of the Mayor. In all such services and duties there is nothing political. The Mayor is a Democrat, but he was elected by the votes of citizens of all parties. His course is another illustration of the desirability of totally separating from politics public duties which are in no sense political.

THE NEW YORK QUARANTINE NOMINATIONS.

GOVERNOR HILL, of New York, has been playing a party game with the Republican majority in the Senate during the winter which is not very intelligible out of the State or even beyond Albany. But, as we have said of the VEDDER bill, the simplest play would have been the best play for his Republican opponents. The Governor has just made four excellent nominations for the offices of Health-officer and of Quarantine Commissioner. The present incumbents have held over for three or four years because the Senate would not confirm their successors.

The situation is plain. The terms of four important State officers have expired. The Governor nominates four persons of acknowledged fitness and the highest character, two of whom are selected from each party, to fill the offices. The duty of the Senate is clear. It is promptly to consider the nominations, and to confirm or reject them. But if it should take that course in the present case it would do what it has not done in similar cases. The reason of the delay is not the public welfare, but it is well understood to be a difference in the majority arising from personal and factional causes. The public naturally expects that the nominations of the Governor will be confirmed or rejected. What is the reason of the failure to do a public duty?

The post of Health-officer is very lucrative, and he has been required to pay heavy assessments to the political committee of his party. One of the chief Republican politicians in the State is ex-Senator PLATT, who is also one of the Quarantine Commissioners holding over. It is not his interest nor the interest of the party treasury that a Republican Health-officer should be succeeded by a Democrat. It is this combined interest which is understood to obstruct action upon the nominations for these offices. Meanwhile it is touching to observe that civil service reform is asserted to be the policy of the Republican party, and that the President is censured by Republican organs as a sad humbug upon that question.

THE NEW RULES FOR PROMOTION.

THE new rules for promotion in the civil service naturally excite a great deal of attention and discussion. But nobody who is familiar with the subject would deny that promotion by favoritism is exceedingly unjust to honest and efficient clerks who disdain the arts of propitiating the favor of a superior officer. Nothing is fairer than a fair examination for promotion. This is the first important point in the new scheme. Such an examination, however, naturally differs in its conditions and requirements from those of an examination for appointment. It proposes to ascertain the comparative proficiency and efficiency of those who are already in the service, and this necessarily supposes an examination of knowledge of official duties and the practical discharge of them.

This is the purport of the new scheme. The weight of the examination falls upon actual knowledge and the record of efficiency. When it is known that efficiency, determined by a daily record, punctuality, industry, good habits, courtesy, capability, promptness, and other executive qualities, with suitable understanding of official methods and their reason, will set off scholastic defects, and that promotion, like appointment, will depend upon proved merit, the beneficent impulse will be felt throughout the service. As a point of detail, it would have been better, in our judgment, to make the selection from the heads of the eligible list, because the principle is as practicable and as applicable in promotions as in original appointments.

The compulsory part of the plan is naturally the most unpleasant to actual incumbents. But in the present situation, with the unwillingness of superior officers, often from humane and kindly motives, to insist upon removal even in flagrant cases, there is no better method to ascertain, without abruptness or harshness, those who have ceased to be useful, than that offered by the rule. Presumably the clerk who is palpably unfit for a fourteen-hundred-dollar desk is unfit for a desk at twelve hundred dollars. The allegation that the whole scheme is a mere party trick is a mere party cry. Mr. LYMAN is the Republican Commissioner, and he would not probably condescend to an official trick to injure Republicans. And why should it be assumed that Republicans cannot hold their own in a fair examination? If the examinations are not fair, of course the Commissioners and Examiners are knaves. But we have not yet seen that accusation directly made in terms, although to charge important public officers with the malfeasance which such a trick would be is substantially to brand them as knaves.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECENT LETTER AND SPEECH.

THE President's recent speech at the unveiling of the GARFIELD statue, like his letter upon the seizure of the GUILFORD MILLER farm, is a good illustration of the character of the man. The GUILFORD MILLER letter was a most timely and forcible declaration that the enormous and unscrupulous grasping of land by the great railway companies must cease. "So far as it is the result of executive rules and methods," says the President, "these should be abandoned, and so far as it is a consequence of improvident laws, these should be repealed or amended." The letter is so lucid and strong and resolute, and its position is so obviously just and reasonable, that it has been universally approved, and the company itself has taken action in accordance with the President's views.

The President's address at the GARFIELD statue was so manly and generous, and so wholly worthy of the occasion and of the Chief Magistrate, that it has extorted approval even from his unfairest political enemies. Its lofty tone, its total freedom from partisan feeling, its tender appreciation of the character of GARFIELD and of his tragical death, and its solemn warning against the cancerous evil in our political system which led to the assassination, make it the most striking and significant address from a President for many years.

While the President thus attracts the general regard of the country, his party politicians busily decry him as no Democrat. But the more surely they convince the public that he is more mindful of the public welfare than of party advantage, the more certainly they defeat themselves and their purposes. If the best things that the President does are not Democratic, and not acceptable to the Democratic party, for what conceivable reason should any intelligent voter support the Democratic party? If Governor HILL be the typical Democrat, does anybody seriously suppose that "Democracy" would be more agreeable to the American people?

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

THE Albany *Evening Journal* makes an excellent suggestion, occasioned by the result of the recent investigation by the Civil Service Commission of the Chicago Custom-house. It was alleged that the Collector had violated the law governing appointments. But only unimportant witnesses appeared before the Commission, which had no power to compel the attendance of important witnesses. The *Evening Journal* remarks the curious omission of the law to empower the Commissioners to administer oaths and compel attendance, and thinks that it was designed to rob the Commission of the power that is generally intrusted even to a legislative investigating committee.

This suggestion, however, is totally unfounded. The omission is unfortunate, but there was never a law drawn in more entire good faith or with more complete singleness of purpose than the civil service act. The question of possible investigations by the Commission was not at all a prominent one, and it is not surprising that due provision for them was not made. There were many important suggestions for improving the law which experience would certainly develop, and this is one of them. As the duty of ascertaining in the first instance whether an officer has violated the law is committed to the Commission, it should have ample power to make the discharge of its duty effectual.

Otherwise an inquiry is at the mercy of chance, and its result can have no real weight. When all testimony is voluntary, nothing is easier than concealment of essential facts. The *Journal* chides the friends of reform that they have not moved in the matter and sought the necessary power for the Commission. They may justly reply that if this point has escaped them, there are a great many more important points which have not.

CONSUL-GENERAL AT PARIS.

THE appointment of Major J. L. RATHBONE, of California, formerly of Albany, as Consul-General at Paris, in place of Mr. GEORGE WALKER, substitutes for a singularly excellent officer a gentleman who will prove doubtless an excellent successor. We know no reason for the change except that Mr. WALKER is a Republican and Major RATHBONE a Democrat. During the seven years that he has occupied the post it is conceded, we believe, that Mr. WALKER has discharged every official duty with such intelligence, ability, and fidelity, and his social qualities have made him so generally welcome and so satisfactory an American representative, that he leaves a very high standard by which his successor will be judged, and which happily there is no reason to doubt that Major RATHBONE will maintain.

PERSONAL.

MLLE. ROSA BONHEUR has written a note to Mr. S. P. AVERY reciting her gratification at the placing of her "Horse Fair" in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. She has sent to Mr. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT a similar epistle. Her handwriting is distinctively masculine, and she seems to have used a coarse steel-pen. The capital letters abound in flourishes, and she signs herself "R. BONHEUR." Mr. AVERY has an interesting series of portraits of the artist, taken at various periods in her career, the latest one showing a face of great dignity, strength, and contentment, crowned with luxuriant masses of gray hair.

—The Rev. HENRY J. VANDYKE, Jun., has been elected a member of the Authors' Club. The Rev. NOAH PORTER, the Rev. JAMES M. LUDLOW, and the Rev. E. P. ROE are also members.

—Judge LAMBERT TREE, of Chicago, United States Minister to Belgium, and at present on a visit to this country, owns the most valuable residence lot in Chicago, it being a whole block, square, and worth over $1,000,000. It was the homestead of Mrs. TREE's parents, early settlers in Chicago.

—Mr. THOMAS EAKINS, the well-known painter and lecturer on artistic anatomy, has nearly completed a monograph on the muscular action of the horse in moving, and the trajectory of its limbs. The work combines the results of his anatomical studies and his instantaneous photography, and will be published by the University of Pennsylvania.

—BEN BULLWINKLE, who is said to have created the famous fire-insurance patrol of Chicago, and whose funeral occurred in that city last week, was a man of striking personal appearance. His habit of riding to fires on a big black horse made him still more conspicuous, and everybody in the Western metropolis was familiar by sight with "Big BEN," who met his death by falling under his horse.

—Mrs. ANNA LEA MERRITT, painter and author, has received a sufficient number of commissions for paintings to make her visit to this country most successful.

—Rev. THOMAS GREEN, a Chicago Presbyterian divine, is an ardent admirer of base-ball, and attends the professional games regularly, as do several other well-known ministers, Professor DAVID SWING being among the number.

—Dr. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, the Shakespearian scholar, Mr. FRANK FURNESS, the architect, and the other children and descendants of the late Mrs. Dr. FURNESS are about to erect a window to her memory in the First Unitarian Church in Philadelphia, of which her husband was so long pastor.

—Mr. J. R. OSGOOD's old epigram—that he lived in Boston so that he could go to New York, but that if he lived in New York where could he go to?—has had a new meaning for members of the privileged classes since the Inter-State Commerce Bill cut off railroad passes.

—Several of our wealthiest citizens are now organizing a grand trust fund for the benefit of American art and artists, and another has recently executed a codicil to his will that promises to effect great things in the same direction.

—The new Catholic Bishop of Providence was a great favorite with the priests of the archdiocese of Boston, who presented him with a purse of three thousand dollars upon his promotion. A like sum was given him by his former parishioners of St. James's Church, Boston.

—Just before her retirement, the Chinese Empress issued a decree advocating the development of the mining resources of the empire. She administered a severe rebuke to the provincial authorities who have thrown difficulties in the way of working the mines, and warned them that such conduct would not be tolerated.

—The new athletic organization of the Harvard men of muscle is to be called the 'Varsity Club, and will depend for its main strength upon graduates who were interested in athletics during their college course. The founders, who are also the first directors, are Messrs. FRANKLIN REMINGTON, WILLIAM A. BROOKS, ARTHUR P. BUTLER, ALBERT F. HOLDEN, F. C. WOODMAN, and CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, 3d.

—JOSEPH W. WINANS, who died recently in San Francisco, was not only a successful lawyer, but was identified with nearly every educational and charitable movement in California for the last thirty years. He was a New-Yorker, and after graduating from Columbia College Law School, he, with some wealthy companions, fitted out a sailing vessel for a voyage to California. This was at the outbreak of the gold fever. When he reached Sacramento he found lawyers in such demand that he opened an office, and soon had a very lucrative practice. He was one of the trustees of the State University for ten years before his death.

THE DOWN-TOWN CLUB.

The new Down-town Club House was formally opened on Friday last. Pine Street is hardly the place where a stranger would look for a club-house—at least for a club-house of any pretensions. It is there, however, that there is to be found one of the most spacious and elegantly appointed dining club houses on this side of the Atlantic. It is now several years since some merchants, bankers, and others of Wall Street and surrounding regions conceived the idea of being independent of the hotel-keepers and *restaurateurs*, and of having the wants of the inner man supplied in some suitable place of their own, under their own management. Such an institution was organized, and accommodation was found at 52 Pine Street. It was an immediate success. Later a desire was manifested for more elegant and more commodious quarters. Property was secured two doors farther down the street, and from designs furnished by Mr. C. C. Haight, of 111 Broadway, the present structure was reared. Fronting on Pine Street, with a width of some fifty feet, and running back as far as Cedar Street, it has abundance of light in every part, thus presenting a striking contrast to the older building.

Adhering as closely as possible to the Romanesque style, the architect has endeavored throughout to conform to modern requirements, and generally he has utilized the suggestions offered in Richardson's *Hygeia*. Light, ventilation, good air, comfort, convenience—all these have been cared for. There are five floors in all, with commodious cellarage. To the left of the main entrance is the office, and to the right are the reception-room and lavatory. A spacious hall, with Roman pavement, leads to coat-room on one side, to lunch counter on the other, to bar and pantry and to the large grill-room in the rear. On the second floor there are, in the front, the library; to the left, in the centre of the building, airy, well-lit lavatories and water-closets; farther on the wine-room; and then, in the rear, or Cedar Street side, a large *café*, forty feet by forty-seven. On the third floor there are large dining-rooms in front and rear, with service-room, elevators, vent shaft, speaking-tubes, and all other conveniences in the centre. The principal dining-rooms are on this floor. The fourth floor is so arranged as to meet the requirements of private parties. There are three private dining-rooms on this floor, one to the front, one in the rear, and one to the right centre. Those on the front and rear are, by means of folding-doors, capable of being subdivided into smaller apartments, as occasion may call. Occupying the central space between are pantry, bath-rooms, service-rooms, gentlemen's dressing-room, and ladies' dressing-room. Permission to introduce ladies, members of the family, is a distinctive feature of the institution. On the top floor, with its light from the roof, are the kitchen, ice-rooms, servants' rooms, etc. The range is capable of cooking for four hundred people at one time.

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE DOWN-TOWN CLUB.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.

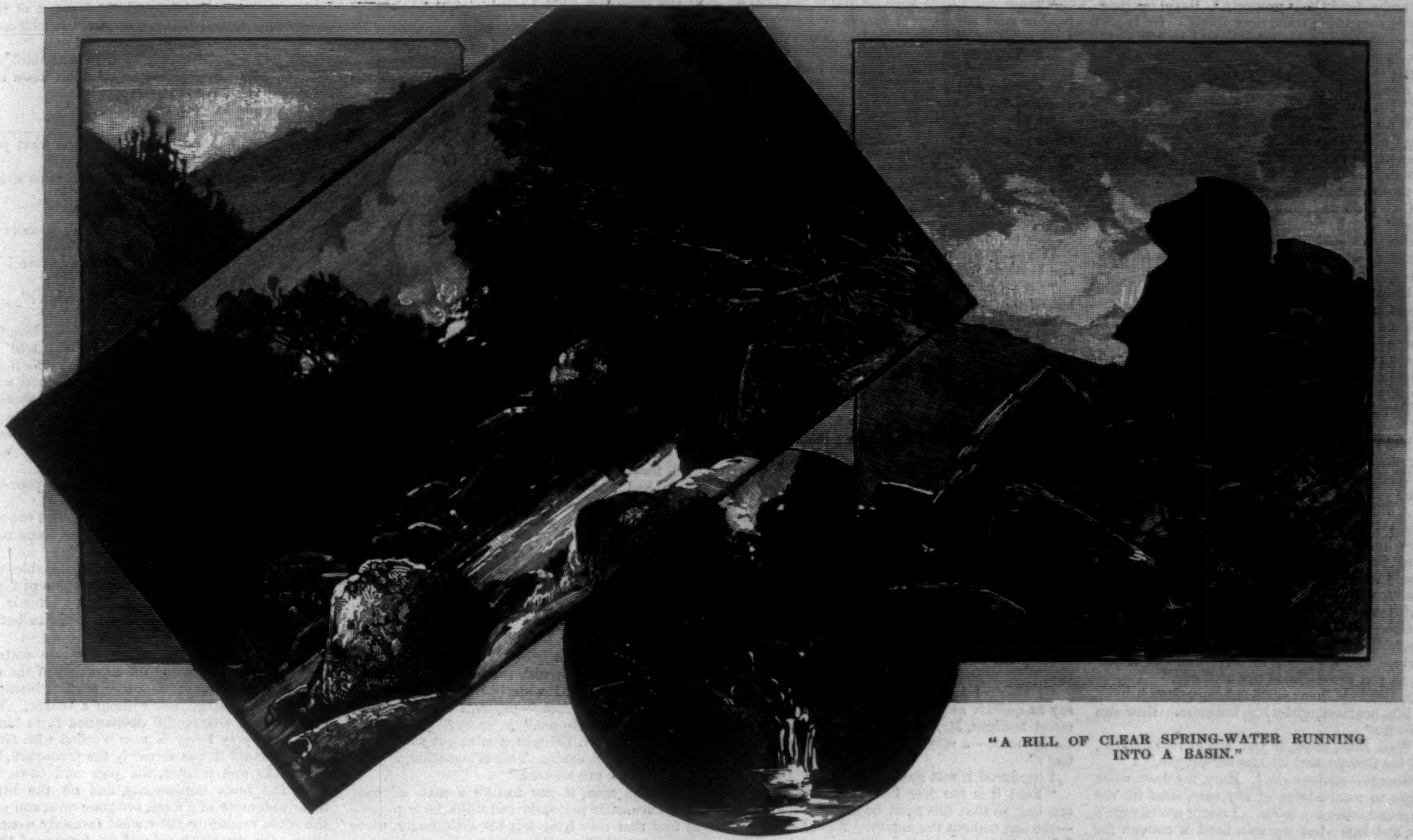
THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF VICAR-GENERAL QUINN.

Not since the funeral of Cardinal McCloskey has there been so imposing a scene in St. Patrick's Cathedral as that which was witnessed on Wednesday last, on the occasion of the funeral services of Vicar-General Monsignor Quinn. At 10.15, when the ceremony commenced, the immense edifice was filled in every part, at least four thousand persons being present. The scene inside the church was funereal, after the old style. Flowers were conspicuous by their absence; and while the colors were sombre, there was no elaborate attempt at drapery. The casket, under a black velvet pall, rested upon an inclined dais at the head of the nave. The marble pillars within the chancel were covered with black cloth; so also were the organ and pulpit, and the spacious Fifth Avenue entrance was heavily and becomingly draped. Around the casket, on high silver candlesticks, were eight tall candles, and six were upon the altar, which, as is common at a requiem mass, was otherwise divested of ornaments. At the head of the bier stood two flag-bearers, with furled United States colors draped in crape. Colonel Cavanagh and his staff, of the 69th Regiment, occupied front pews, while ten of the Papal Zouave veterans, under command of Captain John Kirwan, with furled flags in hand, stood as a guard of honor around the catafalque.

Among the prelates present were, besides Archbishop Corrigan, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, Bishop Healey, of Portland, Maine, Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, Bishop McNierney, of Albany, Bishop McMahon, of Hartford, Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, and Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton. Of the lower orders of the clergy few of the better known were absent. The service of the mass was preceded by the regular office of the dead, the choristers being Father Lemuel, of the Cathedral, and his choir of boys, assisted by Father Sweeny, of St. Monica. Father Preston intoned and led the reading. This preliminary service having lasted about an hour, the Archbishop mounted the throne, and then, in the elevation of the Host, the most imposing part of the ceremony was witnessed. Each white-robed priest held in his hand a lighted taper, and while Professor Pecher led upon the organ, the vocal quartette rendered, in succession, Cherubini's "Requiem Æternam," Mozart's "Dies Iræ," Donizetti's "Domine Jesu Christi," and Cherubini's "Sanctus" and "Agnus Dei."

The mass over, Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, ascended the pulpit and delivered the oration. The panegyric was warm and enthusiastic, and was based on the words of St. Paul to Timothy, "Labor like a good soldier of the cross." After the sermon the remains were incensed, and Archbishop Corrigan pronounced the absolution. An hour later the Archbishop accompanied the body of the deceased Vicar-General to Calvary Cemetery, where, after the final absolution, it was laid to rest in the Quinn family ground.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF VICAR-GENERAL QUINN.—Drawn by Charles Graham.



"A RILL OF CLEAR SPRING-WATER RUNNING INTO A BASIN."

TO CALL HER MINE.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "The World Went Very Well Then," "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "Self or Bearer," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SECOND DREAM.

When Mary came in, about one o'clock, to clear the table and lay the cloth for dinner, she found her uncle in a very surprising condition. He was in tears—actually in tears. He had been weeping. How long ago was it since Daniel Leighan had been seen to weep? The misfortunes of his neighbors passed over him, so to speak, and left him dry-eyed; as for himself, he had met with no misfortunes in his life except the loss of his box of papers and the paralysis of his lower limbs. This is a grievous thing to endure, but a man—an old man—does not weep because one of the afflictions of age falls upon him.

Yet Daniel's eyes were wet with tears, and his papers lay untouched upon the table, and he had turned his head unto his pillows, as Ahab turned his unto the wall.

"Why, uncle," cried Mary, "what ever is the matter?"

"I wish I was dead, Mary! I wish I was dead and buried, and that it was all over!"

"Why, uncle? Are you ill?"

"No; I would rather be ill. I could bear any pain, I think, better than this."

"Then what is it? You are trembling. Will you take a glass of wine?"

"No; I can't afford it. I can't afford any luxury now, Mary. You will have to watch over every penny for the future."

"What has happened, then?"

"I am a miserable man. I have been miserable for six years, thinking over my papers; but I always hoped to find them. And now—"

"Now, uncle?"

"Now they are found—that is all. They are found, and I had never really lost them till they were found."

"Where were they, after all?"

"I cannot tell you, Mary. I only heard to-day—by post—by a letter—not by word of mouth—that they are found. And they are in the hands of a—of a villain; a villain, Mary, who will rob me of I know not what, before I get them back. Don't ask me any more; don't tell any one what I have said; I must have told some one, or I should have died. Don't speak to me about it; I must think—I must think. Oh! never in all my life before did I have to think so hard."

He could eat no dinner; this morning's business had taken away all desire for food. After dinner he refused his brandy and water, on the ground that he could no longer afford brandy and water. He also made pathetic allusions to the workhouse.

"Come, uncle," said Mary, "you will make yourself ill if you fret. You have said for six years that you had lost this money, and now you find that you really have lost it—*if* you have—and you cry over it as if it was a new thing. Nonsense about the workhouse; you are as rich as you were yesterday. Take your brandy and water. Here—I will mix it for you."

He took it, with many groans and sighs.

"Mary," he said, "David has been here again. He says it is all a judgment."

"All what, uncle?"

"All the trouble that has fallen upon me—the fall from the pony, the loss of the papers, the very paralysis; he says it is a judgment for my taking his land. Do you think that it is a judgment, Mary? Perhaps I was hard upon the boy; but one couldn't stand by and see a beautiful piece of property going to rack and ruin without stepping in to secure it. If I hadn't lent him the money on mortgage, another would; if I hadn't sold him up, another would—and it is all in the family; that's what David ought to think, and not to come here swearing and threatening. In the family still; and who knows whether I sha'n't leave it to him? I must leave it to some one, I suppose. If it is a judgment, Mary—" He paused for a word of comfort.

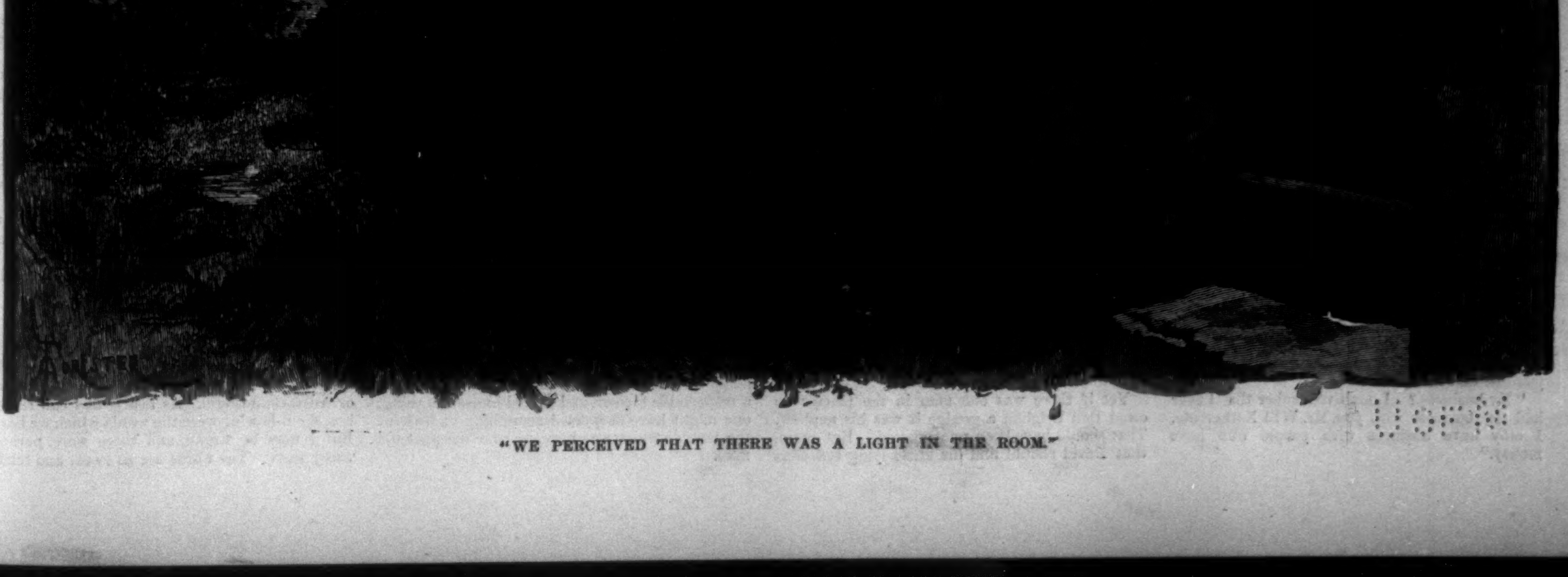
"Well, uncle," she said, "we are taught that we bring our sufferings upon ourselves; and be sure, if everybody was good, there would be a great deal less suffering in the world. Nobody can deny that."

"But not such a lot of judgment, Mary. All this fuss because David had to sell his farm, and I bought it! I can't believe that. Why don't other people get judgments, then?"

"Patience, uncle. Think, whatever happens now about that money, that it was lost six years ago."

"Ah! you keep on saying that. You don't understand what it is to have the thing you had despaired of recovering dangled before your eyes and then taken away again. What does a wo-

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1584.



"WE PERCEIVED THAT THERE WAS A LIGHT IN THE ROOM."

U of M

man understand about property? David laughed. There's something come over David. He is just as slow as ever in his speech and in his ways, but he's grown clever. No one could have guessed that David could go on as he went on here this morning."

"What has David to do with it, uncle?"

"With the property? Nothing, Mary, nothing," he replied, hastily. "Don't think that he has anything to do with it." He groaned heavily, remembering how much, how very much, David had to do with it.

"Can I do anything? Can George do anything?"

"George would like to see me wronged. It is an envious world, and when a man gets forward a bit—"

"Uncle! it is not true that George would like to see you wronged."

"Then there is one thing he could do. It seems a big thing, but it is really a little thing. If George would do it, I would—I would—I would—no: because I should only lose the money another way."

"You mean you would give your consent, uncle?"

"No, no; I can't do that. I couldn't yesterday; much less to-day, Mary."

"Well, what is this thing that George could do for you?"

"A villain has got my property, Mary. George might go and take it from him. If I had the use of my limbs, I'd dog and watch that villain. I would find out where he had put the property. I would tear it out of his hands if I could get it no other way. Old as I am, I would tear it from his clutches."

"George can hardly do that for you, uncle. Especially when you refuse your consent to our marriage, and are going to drive him out of Sidcote, as you drove David out of Berry."

Mr. Leighan shook his head impatiently.

"It's business, girl; it's business. How can I help it?"

"Well, then, uncle, if you are in real trouble, send for George, and let him advise you."

"George—advise—*me!* Mary, my dear, when I begin to want advice of any man, send for the doctor and order my coffin. I might use George's arms and legs; but my own head is enough for me, thank you."

He said no more, but took his pipe and began to smoke it.

"There is another way," he said. "But I doubt whether you have sufficient affection for your uncle to try that way."

"Is it something that I could do? Of course I will do it, if I can."

"Will you? It's this, girl. Hush! don't tell anybody. It's this: David has got a secret that I want to find out. How he got hold of the secret I don't know, and so I can't tell you. Somebody has told him this secret. Now," his voice sank to a whisper, "David was always very fond of you, Mary; and he is that sort of man as a woman can do what she pleases with him. Pretend to let him make love to you—pretend that you are in love with him. Wheedle the secret out of him, and then tell me what it is."

"And what would George say while I was playing this part? Uncle, if you have such thoughts as that, you may expect another judgment."

He groaned, and went on with his pipe. Then he took a second glass of brandy and water, because he was a good deal shaken and agitated. Then he finished his pipe in silence, laid it down, and dropped asleep.

But his slumber was uneasy, probably by reason of his agitation in the morning; his head rolled about, he moaned in his sleep, and his fingers fidgeted restlessly. At four o'clock he woke up with a start and a scream, glaring about him with terror-stricken eyes, just as he had done once before.

"Help!" he cried. "Help! He will murder me! Oh! villain, I know you now! I will remember—I will remember!" Here the terror went suddenly out of his eyes, and he looked about him in bewilderment.

"Mary! I remembered once more. Oh! I saw so clear—so clear!—and now I have forgotten again. This is the second time that I have seen in my dream the man who took my papers and my gold—the second time! Mary, if it comes again, I shall go mad. Oh! to be so near, and to have the villain in my grasp—and to let him go again! Mary, Mary—the loss of the money, and the dream, and your cousin David—all together—will drive me mad!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CANVAS BAG.

This was truly an auspicious evening for me to present myself with my newly recovered bag. However, ignorant of the morning storm, I walked along, thinking how I would give the old man an agreeable surprise.

His room, when I called, about eight o'clock, was gloomy and dark, the windows closed and the blinds half down, though outside the sun was only just setting. Mr. Leighan was sitting still and rigid, brooding, I suppose, over David's terrible threats. His sharp face was paler, and his steel-blue eyes were keener and brighter, than usual. He was thinking how he should meet this danger, and how he could persuade or bribe or terrify David into submission and surrender of the papers; and there appeared no way.

"What do you want?" he cried, sharply. "What do you come here for? I am in no mood for idle prating."

"I am come on your business, Mr. Leighan, if you call that idle prating."

"My business? I don't remember that I ever had any business with you, Mr. Will Nethercote. I only have business with people who have money."

"True; and I have none for you to get hold of, neither land nor money; that is very true. Yet I am come on your business."

"Tell it, then, and leave me. Young man," he said, pitifully, "I am old now, and I am in grievous trouble, and I cannot see my way out of it. Don't mind if I am a little impatient."

"I won't mind, Mr. Leighan. Meantime I have come to please you."

"You can't. Nothing can please me now, unless you can make me young and strong, and able to throttle a villain—that would please me."

"I cannot do that. Yet I am sure that I shall please you."

"Go on, then; go on."

Then I began, with the solemnity with which one leads up to a dramatic situation.

"Six years ago, Mr. Leighan, you said that you had been robbed of a bag with twenty pounds in it."

"A bundle of papers and a bag with twenty sovereigns. I did. Good heavens! one man comes in the morning about the papers, and another in the evening about the money! Go on, go on—I can bear it all."

"There is nothing to bear, I assure you, Mr. Leighan," I said, a little nettled. "Come, it is all very well to be impatient, but there are bounds—"

"Go on; let me get it over."

"Was that bag of yours a brown canvas bag with your initials, D. L., on it?"

"I thought so," he replied, strangely. "So you too are in the plot, are you? And you are come to tell me that I shall have the bag back without the money, are you? You in the plot? What have I ever done to you?"

"I have not the least idea what you mean. Who is in a plot? What plot?"

"George, I suppose, will appear next with another piece of the conspiracy. You are all in a tale."

"I think I had better finish what I have to say as quickly as possible. You are in a strange mood to-night, Mr. Leighan, with your plots and conspiracies—a very strange mood! Is this your bag?"

I produced it and gave it to him.

"Yes; it is the bag I lost. I never lost but one bag, so that this must be the one. As I said—the bag without the money. Well, I don't care. I have had greater misfortunes—much greater. You have come to tell me that the bag was put into your hands."

"Not at all. I found the bag; I found it on the top of Hamil Down, hidden beside the Grey Wether Stone."

"Very likely." He tossed the bag aside. "Why not there as well as any other place, when the money was once out of it?"

"But suppose the money was not taken out of it?"

He laughed incredulously.

"In short, Mr. Leighan, the money was not taken out of the bag. It was hidden away at the foot of the Grey Wether Stone, where I found it by the accident of poking my stick into the place where it lay. I heard the clink of the money, and I pulled it out; and here, Mr. Leighan, are your twenty sovereigns."

I took them from my pocket, and laid them on the table in a little pile. His long lean fingers closed over them, and he transferred them swiftly to his pocket without taking his eyes off my face, as if he feared that I might pounce upon the money.

"And what, young man, do you ask for your honesty in bringing me back my money?"

"Nothing."

"You might have kept it. I should have been none the wiser. You are rich, I suppose, or you would have kept it. Many young men would have kept it. Can I offer you a pound—yes, a pound!—for your honesty?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Leighan; I do not want a reward for common honesty. Besides, you must thank George Sidcote, not me. It was George who discovered that it was your money."

"As you please—as you please. In London you are so rich, I suppose, with your writing, that you can afford to throw away a pound well earned. As you please."

"Nobody ever believed that you were robbed, Mr. Leighan," I went on. "But the finding of the money seems to show that you really were robbed while you were insensible. Perhaps we shall find the papers too, some day."

"Perhaps we shall," he said. "If they are in the hands of rogues and villains, I shall be much the better for it."

"At any rate, it shows that you did not give the money to anybody."

"Give the money! Will, you are a fool. Did you ever know me *give* money to anybody?"

"Certainly I never did."

"Well, then, enough said about my robbery. It is strange, too; both on the same day—" I knew not then what he meant. "Both on the same day—and after six long years. What can this mean?"

I can readily understand now, and by the light of all that we have learned, my extreme dulness in having such a clew and not being able to follow it up without hesitation. It was, of course, not the act of a common thief to steal a bag of gold and hide it away. And I had seen with my own eyes a man search for and find among the fallen stones of Grimspound a mysterious box, which he carried away stealthily. Yet I failed to connect David's box with Daniel's papers. To be sure, he had, so to speak, thrown me off the scent by speaking of his uncle's accident as having happened after his own departure. And I thought of the papers as in a bundle, not as in a box; and, besides, I had formed a strong theory as to the contents of the box.

Yet if there was one man in the place who owed Dan Leighan a grudge it was his nephew. That should have been remembered. But again, that David should find his uncle lying senseless in the road, and should rob him and go on his way without attempting to give him the least help, was not to be thought of; it was incredible.

It is, I believe, a fact that novelists cannot invent any situation so wild and incredible but that real life will furnish one to rival and surpass it. In the same way, there is nothing in baseness, in cruelty, in selfishness, in revenge, that can be called impossible. For this is exactly what David had done. The box which I saw him take from the fallen wall of Grimspound contained his uncle's bundle of papers; and the trouble that was hanging over this poor old man was the torture prepared for him, and already hanging over his head, of being slowly pillaged, and forced day by day to consent to new extortion.

"It seems as if the papers were stolen—now, doesn't it?" said Mr. Leighan. "I suppose you all thought I was drunk, and put them somewhere, and then fell off the pony? Yes; I've known all along that you thought that. Well, I was not drunk; I was as sober that night as I am to-night. I used to wonder who the robber was. Now I don't care to inquire; it is enough for me that I have been robbed, and that I am going to be robbed again."

"Why again, Mr. Leighan?"

"Never mind why. Will," he said, eagerly, "tell me—I never did any harm to you; you've never had any land to mortgage—tell me, do you know nothing of the papers? When you found this bag did you hear nothing about the papers?"

"I heard the wind singing in my ears, but it said nothing about any papers."

"Are you sure that you know nothing?" He peered into my face as if to read there some evidence of knowledge.

"I know nothing. How should I?"

"Well, it matters little; I am not concerned with the robber, but with the man who has them now. I must deal with him; and there you cannot help me, unless—no, no, I cannot ask it: you would not help me."

"Anyhow, Mr. Leighan, you've got your twenty pounds back again. That is something. Confess that you are pleased."

"Young man, if you torture a man all over with rheumatic pains, do you think he is pleased to find that they have left his little finger, while they are still like red-hot irons all over the rest of his body? That is my case."

"I am sorry to hear it. At the same time, twenty pounds, as I said before, is something."

"It's been lying idle for six years. Twenty pounds at compound interest—I don't spend my interest, I promise you—would now be six-and-twenty pounds. I've lost six pounds."

I laughed. A man who knows not the value of interest laughs easily. I expect, therefore, to go on laughing all the days of my life.

"As for the papers, there's a dead loss of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. Think of that! All these years I've waited and hoped—yes, I've prayed—actually *prayed*—though there is no form of supplication which meets my case—that I might get my papers back again. Three thousand pounds there are, among these papers, besides the certificates and things that I could replace. Nearly all Mary's fortune lost."

"No," I said. "Don't flatter yourself that you lost any of Mary's money. It was your own money. You are trustee for Mary's fortune, remember, and you will have to pay it over in full."

He winced and groaned.

"Three thousand pounds! With the interest it would now be worth nearly four thousand pounds at five per cent. And now all as good as lost!"

"Well, Mr. Leighan, I am sorry for you, very sorry, particularly as you will have to find that fortune of Mary's very soon."

"Shall I, Master Will Nethercote? I shall give Mary her fortune when I please; not at all, unless I please. Mary has got to be obedient and submissive to me, else she won't get anything. When I give my consent to her marriage, and not till then—not till *then*—I shall have to deliver up her fortune. Good-night to you, Will Nethercote."

CHAPTER XIV.

DRINK ABOUT.

During these days David led the life of a solitary. He sometimes went to the inn, but only to get his bottle of whiskey filled; he went to the village shop on the green to buy what he wanted, and he kept wholly to himself. Except for that daily visit to Gratnor, he talked with no one.

From time to time I met him leaning over field gates, loitering along the lanes, or sitting idly under the shade of one of our high hedges. I supposed that his loafing and wandering life had made work of any kind distasteful to him. But then he never had liked work. His face was not a pleasant one to gaze upon, and for a stranger would have been terrifying. It was now, as regards expression, such a face as one might have met on Hounslow Heath or Shepherd's Bush in the last century, with a fierce "stand-and-deliver" look upon it—dogged, sullen, and discontented—the face of a man outside social law. He was sullen and discontented because he was always brooding over his wrongs; and dogged because he was pitilessly avenging them. At this time we knew from Mary that he went nearly every day to Gratnor, but we had no suspicion of what was said or done there. My own thoughts, indeed, were wholly occupied with the fortunes of George Sidcote, and I gave small heed to this sulky hermit. Yet had one thought about it, remembering how the man came home in rags, and now went clad in the garb of a respectable farmer, and denied himself nothing, one might have suspected something at least of the trouble which was hanging over the poor old man.

"David," I asked him, meeting him one day face to face so that he could not slip out of the way, "why do you never come over to Sidcote? Have we offended you in any way?"

"No," he replied, slowly, as if he was thinking what he ought to reply—"no; I don't know exactly that you have offended me."

"Then why not come sometimes?"

"Why not?" he repeated.

"Come over this evening and tell us what you think about doing."

"No; I don't think I can go over this evening."

"Well, then, to-morrow evening."

"No; I don't think I can go over to-morrow evening."

"Choose your own time, but come before I go back to London."

"When are you going back to London?"

"Next week."

"George will be turned out of his place before the end of the year. The old man told me so. Then he'll go too. Mary says she'll go with George. Then I shall be left alone with Uncle Dan." He laughed quietly. "I think I shall go and live at Gratnor, and take care of him. We shall have happy times together, when you are all gone and I am left alone with him."

"Why, David, you wouldn't harm the poor old man now, would you?"

"Not harm him? not harm him? Did you ask him six years ago if he was going to harm me? Will he harm George Sidcote now?"

You cannot force a man to be sociable, nor can you force him to entertain thoughts of charity, forgiveness, and long-suffering. I made no more attempts to lead the man back to better ways and the old habits.

The place where David lodged was a cottage made up by partitioning off a portion of the old farm-house of Berry; the other portion, intended for another cottage, was without a tenant. The place stands among the dismantled farm buildings, for Berry Farm is now worked with Gratnor. Around it was formerly the farm-yard, but the ducks and poultry, the pigs and cows, the dogs, the farm implements, and all the litter, mess, and noise of a farm, are gone now, and only the gates remain to show what formerly went on here. On the south side of the farm-yard there is a rill of clear spring-water running into a basin, and behind the rill rise the steep sides of Hayne Down. It is a quiet and secluded spot, with not a habitation of any kind within half a mile, and that only on one side. There are trees all round the place, and in the night a man living here alone would hear strange noises, and perhaps bring himself to see strange sights. But David, who had got rid of one ghost, had not yet, I believe, invented another. If one were sentimental, David might be portrayed alone in the cottage, sad, amid the pale ghosts of the past; he might be depicted sitting among the shadows of his childhood, before he took to drink and evil courses, recalling the long-lost scenes of innocence, listening once more to the voice of his dead mother. All this might be easily set down, but it could not be true: David had had enough of ghosts, and was not going out of his way to look for any new ones. There is no doubt a luxury in conjuring up a ghost of any one, but if you have had one with you against your will for six years, you are not likely to want another when that one is laid.

One evening, toward the end of August, we had been walking with Mary on the Ridge till sunset drove us home. Then we left her at Gratnor, and walked back to Sidcote; but as the night was cool and fine, we took the longer way, which lies over Hayne Down and passes through Berry farm-yard. Certainly we had no intention of prying into David's private habits, but they were forced upon our notice, and a very curious insight was afforded us of how he spent his evenings. It speaks volumes for a man when we find that his idea of a cheerful evening is a song and a glass with a festive company. I was once on board ship, sitting in the smoking saloon, when some one asked what we should all like for that evening. Some spoke untruthfully, some affectedly, some bashfully, some with an open-hearted candor which astonished. At last one man, a quiet person in the corner, said, "For my part, gentlemen, give me an evening with a party of Norfolk drovers." Ever since that evening I have ardently desired to spend an evening in such company, but I have not succeeded. If David had been there he would have replied that he should choose a company where the drink was unlimited and the songs were convivial.

It was not much past eight, and twilight still. It had been a hot day, and the evening was still warm, though not oppressive. David, however, had put up the green shutter which by day hung down outside the window, and he had closed the door. But in a cottage shutter there is always a lozenge-shaped hole at the top, and through this we perceived that there was a light in the room.

"David is at home," said George. "Shall we call upon him?"

Then—it was the most surprising thing I ever heard—there was suddenly a burst of applause from the room. Hands and fists banged the table, glasses rang, heels were drummed upon the floor, and there was the bawling of loud voices, as it seemed.

"Good heavens!" said George; "David has got a party."

We stopped, naturally, to listen.

Then a song began.

It was a drinking song, roared at the top of his voice by David himself. The song was one which I had never heard before, probably of American or Australian origin. As nearly as I can remember, the following were the words which we heard. But I may be wrong, and there were, perhaps, many more. The words are so sweet and tender,

and have about them so much of delicacy and refinement, that I am sorry there are no more:

"Push the can about, boys,
Turn and turn about, boys,
Till the liquor's out, boys,
Let the glasses clink.
Every man is bound, boys,
To sing his song around, boys,
Till we all are drowned, boys,
In the drink.
Till we all are drowned, boys,
In the drink."

"David is obliging the company," I said. "'Tis a pleasing ditty, George."

He sang, as I have said, as loudly as he possibly could bawl it, in a voice naturally ropy; and as his musical education had been neglected, and his ear was defective, the tune was the most dismal and doleful I had ever heard. But, no doubt, he took it to be convivial and soul-inspiring.

When he had finished there was another banging of tables, holloaing, and stamping on the floor.

"Who can the company be?" asked George.

David began the song again, and repeated it half through. Then he left off suddenly, and there was a dead silence.

We listened, waiting to hear more. There was a dead silence; not a sound.

"What is the matter with them all?"

"I believe they are all struck dumb," said George.

The silence was complete.

"I have it," said George. "I believe he is giving a party to himself in his own honor. He is all alone, and is having a convivial evening. It is very queer; makes one feel uncanny, doesn't it?"

This, indeed, was actually the case. Fancy holding a convivial meeting—a friendly lead—a harmonic evening—a free and easy—a singsong—all by yourself in a cottage half a mile from any other house, with the flowing bowl and glasses round, and three times three, and, no doubt, a doch and darroch to end with!

"I think, George," I said, "that David must have gone very low indeed. He could not have got much lower. There must be a depth, at some point, where a sinking man meets with the solid rock."

"Perhaps. The Lord keep us from beginning to sink! Will, do you think it possible, when that old man has taken my land, and I have gone wandering about the world, and have come home in rags, that I should ever sink like David—and drag Mary with me?"

"Nay, George; it is impossible."

Then the roisterer began again, his voice being now distinctly that of a man half drunk, from which we gathered that the interval of silence had been well employed:

"Every man is bound, boys,
To sing his song around, boys;"

and then we went on our way. It seemed shameful even to listen.

And all the time, every day, this man who got drunk at night alone was carrying on, slowly and ruthlessly, the most systematic revenge, with the most exquisite tortures. Every day he went to Gratnor and dangled before his victim some of his property, and made him buy it back bit by bit, haggling over the bargain; letting his uncle have it one day cheap, so as to raise his spirits, and the next at nearly its full value, so as to crush him again; and even at times, after an hour's bargain over a single coupon, he would put it in the fire and destroy it.

When David went away, the poor old man would fall to weeping; this hard, dry old man, whom nothing ever moved before, would shed tears of impotent and bitter rage. But he refused to tell Mary what was troubling him.

"I can't tell you what it is," he said. "You don't know what the consequences might be if I told you. Oh, Mary, I am a miserable old man! I wish I was dead and buried, and that it was all over—I wish it was all over!"

There are many men who, when anything goes wrong with them, when Retribution—a very horrid spectre—comes with a cat-o'-nine tails to pay them out, or when Consequence—another very ruthless spirit—brings along disease, poverty, contempt, or other disaster, never fail to wish that they were dead and buried. It is a formula expressing considerable temporary vexation, but little more. For if the well-known skeleton were to take them at their word, and to invite them to take part with him in a certain festive procession and dance, they would make the greatest haste to excuse themselves, and to express their sincere regret at having given Madame la Mort the trouble of calling upon them. "Another time, perhaps, if Madame should be passing that way; but, indeed, there is no hurry; if Madame will be so obliging as to— *Good*-morning, Madame. Again, a thousand pardons." Mr. Leighan, perhaps, was more sincere than most men, for he loved but one thing in the world, and this was being slowly taken from him, bit by bit.

"It is something," said Mary, "to do with David. I will go and speak to him about it."

"No, Mary; no!" he cried, eagerly. "Mind your own business, child. Don't attempt to interfere. Oh! you don't know what might happen if you interfered."

"It *is* David, then. Very well, uncle, I shall not ask him what it is."

"I can't tell anybody, Mary; I must bear it in patience. If I resist I shall only lose the more. Mary, we've got to be very careful in the housekeeping now—very careful."

"I am always careful, uncle."

"There was a pudding again to-day. I can't afford any more puddings for a long while—not till Christmas. And I'm sure there's waste and riot in the kitchen."

"Nonsense, uncle! You not afford a pudding! Now remember, you are not to be starved, and there's no waste or riot. Now I'll mix your brandy and water, and you can have your pipe, and go to sleep."

CHAPTER XV.

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

I TERMINATED my holiday with a meddling and a muddling. Of course I was actuated by the best intentions. Every meddler and muddler is, otherwise he might be forgiven.

I was going back to town; it would be eleven months before I should get another holiday; long before that time Sidcote would be out of George's hands, and the pair would be married and gone. Was it possible to make an appeal to the old man? Could one touch him with the sense of gratitude? Could one make him feel that in his own interests he should not drive away the only living creature who stood between himself and the hired service of strangers? Could one make him see that it would be far better for him to give the money to Mary than to David?

I made my attempt—needless to say, since it was meddling and muddling, with no success—on my last evening at Challacombe, when the old man had taken his tea, and might reasonably be expected to be milder than during the press of business in the morning.

I had not seen him for three weeks. Remember that for more than three weeks David had been pursuing his scheme of revenge. I was struck with the change that had come over him during this short period. It was that subtle change which we mean when we say that a man has "aged." In Mr. Leighan's case, his hands trembled, he looked feebler, and there was a loss of vitality in his eyes.

"What do you want?" he asked, impatiently. "You are come for Mary? Well, she isn't here. You ought to know that she always goes out after tea. You will find her somewhere about—on the Ridge, or down the lane, somewhere." He turned his head and took up his pen again. I observed that he was poring over a paper of figures.

"No, Mr. Leighan; I came to see you."

"What do you want with me? Money? No; you are one of the people who don't want money. The last time you came you brought me my bag, with the twenty pounds in it. That was very little good, considering; but it was something. You haven't got another bag of money, have you?"

"No; I have come to see you about George and Mary."

"Go on, then. Say what you want to say. When a man is tied to his chair he is at the mercy of every one who comes to waste his time."

This was encouraging. However, I spoke to him as eloquently as I could. I told him he ought to consider how Mary had been his housekeeper and his nurse for six long years, during which he had been helplessly confined to his chair. If he refused his consent to her marriage she would go away, not only from his house, but from the parish; he would be left in the hands of strangers, who would waste and spoil his substance. I thought that would move him.

"Young man," he said, "I never asked for or expected any other service than what is paid for. Mary's services have been paid for. If she goes I shall find another person, who will be paid for her services."

"Nay," I replied, "you cannot possibly rate Mary's services with those of a paid house-keeper. You will very soon find the difference. However, if that is your way of looking at the matter, I can say no more."

Then I spoke of George, and of his mortgage. If Mr. Leighan gave his consent, no money would be lost, because Mary's fortune would pay off nearly the whole of the mortgage. And, besides, he would keep Mary near him, if not with him. A great deal more I said, which need not be set down.

"Young man," he said, when I concluded, "you are a writing person, and you speak as if you were writing for the newspaper which employs you. Business you know nothing of. But, young man, sentiment must not come in the way of business."

I exclaimed that it was not sentiment, but common-sense, gratitude, and good feeling.

"As for common-sense, that belongs to business; as for gratitude, Mary has had her board and her bed, and she's done her work to earn her board and her bed; I don't see any call for gratitude there; as for good feeling, that's my business. Now, young man, George Sidcote's land is mortgaged. As he says he can no longer pay the interest, I have sent up the case to London and have got the usual order; he has six months in which to pay principal and interest. At the end of that time, because he can't and he won't pay, his land will be mine. As for what is done afterward, I promise nothing."

"You will lose Mary, for one thing."

"I have told you that I, in that case, shall hire another person."

"Very well. You will have to pay Mary's fortune to her cousin David, because she will marry without your consent."

"Have the goodness, Mr. Will Nethercote, to leave me to my own affairs."

"This affair is mine as well as yours. Do you prefer David to Mary? You must choose between them, you know. I have read the will."

"Oh! you think you have got me between the two, do you?"

"I do."

"Then perhaps you are wrong. And now go away, and meddle no more."

Now I declare that in saying what I did say next I spoke without the least knowledge. It was a random shot.

"You think," I said, "that David does not know of his aunt's will. You hope that he will go away presently without finding out." He started and changed color, and in his eyes I read the truth. He thought that David would never find out. "So, Mr. Leighan," I went on, "that is in your mind. He lives alone, and speaks to no one; his aunt died after he went away; it is very possible that he does not know anything about it. Good heavens! Mr. Leighan, were you actually thinking to hide the thing from him, and so to rob him? Yes; to rob Mary first and David afterward of all this money?"

"What business is it of yours?" he asked.

"Very good; *I shall tell* David."

"Oh! if I were thirty instead of seventy, I would—" he began, his eyes flashing again with all their ancient fire.

"I shall go to David, Mr. Leighan. If, as I believe, he knows nothing about it, you will see how he will receive the news. Yes, you shall be between the two; you shall choose between David and Mary."

Yes, I had stumbled on the exact truth as accidentally as I had stumbled on the canvas bag. David did not know, nor had his uncle chosen to inform him—though he was certain from his talk that he did not know—of his aunt's will, deeply as it affected him. And I am now quite certain that the old man thought that David would not find out the truth before he went away again, and so he would keep the money to himself.

"Don't tell him, Will," said the old man, changing his tone. "Don't interfere between David and me; it is dangerous. You don't know what mischief you may be doing. Don't tell him. As for George and Mary, I will arrange something. They shall go on at Sidcote as tenants on easy terms—on very easy terms. But don't tell David. He is a very dangerous man. Don't tell him."

"I will not tell him anything if you will give Mary your consent."

"David will not stay here long. When he has got—oh dear!—when he has got some more money he will go away. Don't tell him."

"You have to give that money either to Mary or to David. Choose!" I repeated.

"Who are you, I should like to know," he asked, with a feeble show of anger, "that you should come and interfere in family matters? What business is it of yours? Go away to London. Manage your own affairs—if you've got any. You are not my nephew."

"That is quite true. I am George's friend, however, and Mary's friend. I am going to do my best for both. Oh, Mr. Leighan, all your life long you have been scheming and plotting to get money and land. You think that you have laid your terms so as to turn George out of his land; and the prize looks very nearly in your grasp. But David has come back; that alters the aspect of affairs. You can no longer refuse your consent and hold that money in pretended trust for a man you believed to be dead. You must hand it over to him—the whole of it. I do not know whether he cannot force you to pay him back the interest upon it since it has been in your hands. You may be quite sure that he will extort from you the uttermost farthing. Well, you have the choice. Either give your consent to Mary or prepare to treat with David. Why, you have said yourself, business before sentiment. Here is business, indeed, before you. Trust yourself to the affection of your niece and the friendship of George, the truest man in the world, or else give yourself over to the deadly hatred of a man who desires nothing so much as to revenge himself upon you. Why, he has avowed it. He will do you—he says it openly—all the mischief he can."

"He is doing that already. And yet—don't tell him, Will—let us arrange something. George shall be my tenant. And when I die, I shall leave all my property to Mary—Foxworthy, Gratnor, Berry Down, and Sidcote. Think of that! She will be the richest woman in Challacombe."

"No," I replied. "Choose between Mary and David."

"I must have Sidcote," he said, with a kind of moan. The poor man had certainly aged very much in a few weeks. He clutched at the arms of his chair, his face twitched convulsively, and he spoke feebly. "I have lost so much lately—I have suffered so horribly—you don't know how, young man, or you would pity me. I have been punished, perhaps, because I was too prosperous—you don't know how, and you can't guess. If I lose Sidcote, too, I shall die. You don't know, young gentleman—you don't know what it is to suffer as I have suffered!"

He looked so dejected and so miserable that I pitied him, grasping and avaricious as he had always been. The ransom of his coupons, day by day, had entered into his soul, though this I knew not at the time. And now I was going to take away the only consolation left to him—the prospect of getting Sidcote and of keeping Mary's fortune.

"I must have Sidcote," he said.

"Then I shall go at once to David and tell him."

"I must have Sidcote. Do your worst!" he cried, with some appearance of his old fire and energy. "Do your worst. Tell David what you please, and leave me to deal with David. I will—" He shook his head and pointed to the door.

Very well, I would go and tell David. As the event happened, I should, perhaps, have done better to have kept silence. But one could not tell beforehand what was going to happen.

In fact, I told David that very evening.

He was sitting at his table, a large open book before him, over which he was poring intently. The window was open, for it was a hot evening, and not yet sunset. A bottle of spirits stood on the table, with a tumbler and a jug of cold water, ready for drinking-time, which I gathered would shortly begin.

He looked up when he heard my step outside, and shut the book hurriedly.

"What do you want here?" he asked, roughly. "Why do you come prying after me?"

"Don't be a fool, David," I replied. "If you come outside, I will tell you why I came."

He hesitated a moment and then came out. Really, I think he looked more disreputable—that is to say, lower—than when he arrived in rags. A man may, perhaps, be in rags, and yet not be disreputable: he may wear them picturesquely; he may even wear them with dignity. Not that David was either picturesque or dignified on his arrival. Yet he looked better, somehow, than now, when he had been at home a month. Strong drink and plenty of it, the satisfying of revenge and hatred, the want of work and exercise, had already written their evil marks upon his countenance, which was bloated and evil-looking.

"Upon my word, David," I said, "one would think we were old enemies instead of old friends."

"Speak up, then," he replied, his eyes suspicious and watchful, as if I was trying to get into his cottage and steal something. "Speak up; let a man know your business. If you had no business you would not come here, I take it."

"It is business that may concern you very deeply," I said. And then I told him.

"Well," he said, slowly, "I suppose you mean honest, else why should you tell me? Perhaps you've got a score against the old man too."

"Not I, David. I am not his debtor!"

"He never told me. He might have told me a dozen times." David sat on a bowlder and began to turn the thing over. "This wants thinking of, this does. So the old woman had six thousand, had she? She began with one, and Mary's mother had one—a thousand each; and my father had Berry Down, and Uncle Daniel he had Gratnor. She lived with him, and he told her what to do with her money; so in forty years she made six thousand of it; and Mary is to have it if she marries with her uncle's consent—and if she doesn't, I'm to have it."

"That is exactly the state of the case."

"If Mary marries George without the old man's consent," he repeated, "he'll have to give me all that money—six thousand pounds."

"Mary will marry George with or without her uncle's consent; I can tell you that beforehand. She will marry him within a very few weeks."

"Nay," he said; "rather than give me the money he'd let her marry the blacksmith."

"Well; I have told you."

"Why," he said, "rather than give me the money he'd let her marry the Devil."

At this point I came away, for fear he might try even to get beyond that possibility; and the mess I had almost made of the whole business proves, as I said before, that there is no excuse whatever for the best intentions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SCOUT'S MISTAKE.

By MARGARET J. PRESTON.

I.

"How get them the tidings? How send them the word?
It sets all the blood in my pulses a-shiver!
The enemy near, and they cannot have heard,
For no one has crossed since the rise in the river.

"The woods are between us; there's storm in the sky;
No rider dare venture the ford till the morning.
If only they knew of the danger! Yet I
Am helpless to give them a token of warning.

"Ah! were I but young again," sadly he said,
"My youth in its heyday, the mettle all in it,
No weakness to chafe me, no snow on my head,
The filly and I would be off in a minute!"

A stripling beside him looked up with a flash.
"Why, father, what matters the forest? I'll skim it.
What matters how fiercely the tempest may dash?
Who cares for the river? The filly can swim it.

"Just think of the peril! My brothers are there.
By daylight, at farthest, some signal shall show it.
They must not, like panthers, be trapped in their lair;
And sure as I'm living, their Colonel shall know it!"

II.

The morning broke gray. At the tap of the drum
The corps from their briefly snatched slumbers were shaken.
"From over the river some tidings have come—
A spy from some enemy near has been taken.

"They say he was seen in the dusk of the dawn,
Just mounting the bank, at the edge of a thicket,
Through which he came galloping recklessly on,
Not heeding or hearing the 'halt' of the picket."

"To the front with him!" ordered the Colonel. Just then
Rode hurriedly forward a scout, with a letter.
"We made a mistake, sir—I—I and the men—
No room nor no reason to know any better."

"Aha!" and the officer eagerly read.
"The gallant young fellow! How well that you brought him,
So quick with his warning!" The scout dropped his head—
"A spy, sir—I thought him a spy—and—*I shot him!*"

DECORATION DAY.—Drawn by Gilbert Gaul.—[See Poem on Page 386.]

"We bring our wreathen garlands.
Where are the brows we crown?"

DECORATION DAY.

"A SONG! a song!" the people
In thrilling voices cry;
The winds that dwell near heaven
Bear up that mighty cry.
"Our fathers and our brothers
Won us these peaceful days:
The air was thick with parting souls—
Will no one sing their praise?

"We bring our wreathen garlands.
Where are the brows we crown?
Beneath six feet of loyal earth
We laid them sadly down.
Yet sing the crimsoned sabre
That now is sheathed in rust,
And sing the hand that dropped it
To grapple with the dust."

How can we sing the ballads
That older poets sang,
When with the stroke that severs souls
The singer's couplets rang?
These are the times of plenty:
The barns are full of grain;
The teamsters whistle on the road,
The sowers in the plain.

Our maidens start and tremble,
But not from fear or grief—
It is to hear the whispered word,
So lasting, yet so brief.
The children at the father's knee
Crowd in the eventide;
The mother checks her work, and rocks
The cradle at her side.

But then the sound of battle
Through all the land was heard,
And the sharp crack of muskets
Spoke with one awful word;
And the dull thud of bodies
Broke on the listening ear,
And none could know where stood or fell
Those whom they held most dear.

Then wives were filled with terror,
And watched with blanching cheek;
Then mothers in the bulletins
Sought what they dared not seek;
Then brown hair streaked with silver
Within a single day,
And childhood, knowing not the cause,
Forgot its common play.

Four years the yellow cornfields
With bristling spears were bright;
Day saw War's smoky pillar;
His fires flared in the night.
Four years the dew of heaven
Was stained with vivid red,
And grass was green when dawn arose,
And evening found it dead.

The heavy feet of soldiers
Tramped down the headed grain,
And in the midst the hurried spade
Made trenches for the slain;
And in the rows where women
The scanty seed did drop,
Death thrust his busy sickle
And gathered in the crop.

Here curses breathed out anger;
There rose the voice of prayer;
Here groans at solemn midnight
Pierced through the brooding air.
Oh, sweet and low the boatman sings
At rest upon the wave!
But sterner sounds are heard where fall
The shackles of the slave.

Who can forget the struggle
That closed those dreadful years?
Let some great poet rise to sing
Its mingled blood and tears.
Like cuts in living granite
Should be his rugged rhyme,
Nor should he sleek with well-turned phrase
The terrors of that time.

See, for the last great conflict
Two mighty generals stand!
A thrill goes through the nation,
A hush goes through the land.
The pestilence of war pushed wide
Death's ever-swinging door,
And Victory on that fatal field
Walked ankle-deep in gore.

Within whose grasp of iron
Did War himself grow white,
And drop the whip where human blood
Had clotted in the fight?
Answer, O grateful people!
What grave shall bear to-day
The heaviest load of flowers to press
Their fragrance through the clay?

That was the day of triumph;
The weary war was done,
And banners torn to fluttering rags
Were borne home one by one.
Then women who had struggled,
And never swerved before,
Grew weak with sudden rapture,
And wept when all was o'er.

Then mothers folded to their breasts
The sons that they had borne,
And wives were hanging on the lips
That life-long love had sworn;
And words pressed from an eager heart
Came stumbling forth and weak,
And smiles and tears ran races
Upon the glowing cheek.

But in the busy city,
And in the quiet town,
And where the little village
Lifts its low roofs of brown,
Here in a lonely farm-house,
With weather-beaten eaves,
There in the settler's cabin,
Half hid in ivy-leaves,

There was no sound of laughter,
No joyous feast was spread;
There arms were stretched to empty air
That should have clasped their dead.
With lips locked close and bloodshot eyes
They struggled to be calm,
Nor mix their broken chords of grief
Within the nation's psalm.

Broad fields of grain are waving
On battle-plains to-day,
And clouds have parted to the sun
That once hung thick and gray;
Our brooks no more run crimson—
With patient growth of green,
God's ministers, the seasons,
Have washed earth's record clean.

The hand of Time has sought us,
And dried the hanging tear;
The gifts of peace have filled the horn
Of every passing year;
The sword hangs idle on the wall,
The gun rusts in its place,
And wrinkles seam with gashes
The veteran's scar-crossed face.

The years glide on like waters when
The river seeks the sea,
And each one finds us lapped in calm,
And each one leaves us free.
Fringed round with seas, our borders
Hem in a land of homes;
On many a ship from many a land
The glad self-exile comes.

But let our thoughts go backward
To those who fought and bled;
Let blessings cheer the living,
And tears fall for the dead.
With trumpet and with bugle
We sound the martial call,
And in the roll of honor
We write and cherish all.

From every town and hamlet,
From every city's din,
From where the harbor beckons
The vessels to sail in,
From up the white-clad mountain
That bayonets the star,
From out the last chinked cabin
Whose fire-light gleams afar,

We seek that sacred corner
Whose grass is earliest green,
And where on mound and hollow
The first sweet flowers are seen;
We bring the breathing roses
That move the lips of spring;
Heart's-ease for hearts that are at rest
With careful hands we bring;

Long sprays of scented arbutus,
And every bud beside
That May sticks in her kirtle
We search for far and wide.
And maidens, marching two by two
With slow and reverent tread,
With light hands strew them on the tomb
Where sleeps the valiant dead.

The service now is ended,
The solemn prayer is done;
The folk along the homeward path
With tender thoughts are gone.
God grant our land long quiet
Between her girdling seas;
And may our future springs adorn
No soldiers' graves but these!

CURTIS MAY.

MEXICO REVISITED.

IT is now six years since I first set foot in Mexico. What has happened in the mean time? How have the many new enterprises of that day of stirring activity resulted? How have the sanguine expectations then entertained been justified by the facts? The chief field of inquiry, of course, is the railroads. The great Mexican Central has been completed throughout its entire length of 1224 miles. It was built at the rate of more than a mile a day, and finished in March, 1884. Thus in seven days from New York, at a cost of $125, or in two days and thirteen hours from the frontier, at a cost of $52, you are at the capital. Perhaps the capital should be sought at once, and all the minor places left for the return, on the principle of not spoiling the main feature of the banquet by an indulgence in preliminaries.

The Mexican National Railway has built 497 miles of its main line, leaving but a moderate gap between its two sections, which those with a little taste for adventure can easily cross by stage-coach. It has also built 225 miles on its branches. The charter of the Mexican Southern—General Grant's road—has been suffered to lapse. The Morelos road has gone on some miles beyond Cuautla to Yautepec, and a northern division to the neighborhood of Irolo. From Irolo a railway is now open to Pachuca, and the day of the joint-dislocating *diligencia* thither is past. President Diaz, in his latest annual message, announces that the International, from Piedras Negras, will reach Lerdo before the end of the year. The Tehuantepec ship-railway project, set back by the recent death of Captain Eads, will perhaps not easily find another so enthusiastic promoter. The remaining enterprises remain about *in statu quo*. There are now in the neighborhood of four thousand miles of railway constructed in the republic.

It has to be confessed that the American railways in Mexico have not yet proved so profitable an investment as was expected; indeed, for many they have been very unfortunate.

The effect of the railways on the country itself has been as yet chiefly in the direction of adding stability to the government, and security to life and property. As a pacifying influence they have justified all that was claimed for them. Had they no other result than this, Mexico must esteem them worth far more than they have cost.

What fascinating excursions are now open to the traveller by railway! I envy him with a sort of retrospective jealousy in looking on at his happier lot. Without taking into account the through line at all, but only going by sea as formerly, you can contrive, by a few simple connections, to cover in a brief time and at a small expense what would once have meant a costly journey of months. Leaving the city of Mexico by the National, you reach Toluca, Acambaro, Morelia, and Patzcuaro, in fertile Michoacan. At Patzcuaro you may take a turn on the lovely lake in a new American steam-boat. Return to Acambaro, turn north to Celaya, connect there with the Mexican Central, and return to town through Queretaro, San Juan del Rio, Tula, with its Tolteo ruins, and Huehuetoca, with the great drainage cut of Nochistongo. Take the short excursions around the capital, the longer ones to Amecameca, and down into Tierra Caliente at Cuautla, and again to charming Cuernavaca by *diligencia*, for an example of that kind of travelling. With all this, and the usual sights to be seen along the line from Vera Cruz, you have had variety of climates, races, costumes; you have had agriculture, mines, aboriginal antiquities, volcanoes, Spanish architecture—everything, in short, most interesting and characteristic in Mexico.

Then there are the jaunts from our own frontier. How easily may a tourist on the Southern Pacific road run down to Guaymas, or a day or two on the National from Laredo, or on the Central from El Paso, or joining the two latter, by stage-coach from Saltillo, with its bold and lovely scenery and historic associations of the Mexican war, make the complete circuit! Whoever can do no more than this will bring away an enduring source of pleasant memories for himself, and will henceforth form a part of that intelligent body of public sentiment which must be depended upon to counteract the turbulent class always fomenting troubles on the border.

Mexico has become meanwhile a much safer country to travel in. No military guards are employed along the whole line of the Mexican Central, and even those on the Vera Cruz road are spoken of as only "an antiquated survival."

It is also a much easier country to travel in, in numerous minor ways. You are now met on your arrival at the capital by express agents, who will see your baggage through the custom-house, and deliver it in any part of the city, and there are express offices of Wells, Fargo, & Co. throughout the republic. A new American hotel has been built around two sides of the old convent garden of San Francisco. It is not yet the gorgeous structure of the early visionaries, but travellers of distinction stop there, and at the worst it could hardly fail to be an improvement on the old ones.

Inland postage, once almost prohibitory, has been reduced to a uniform rate of ten cents per quarter of an ounce, and the carrier system for delivering letters has been introduced. Electric lights and telephones have come into use, and the tall poles with great lights dominate the central plaza, much as in Union Square, New York.

The Jockey Club, its membership chiefly made up from the old and wealthy families, is one of the later features of life at the capital. Its brief career has been signalized by some fashionable duels and other episodes, one or two of which have gained an international prominence. As a social club it is prosperous, and the first in the city; but owing to lack of enterprise in entering new horses, its races have declined in interest. They are not now well attended, and the last spring meeting was a failure. Another and very regrettable form of entertainment has sprung up in the revival of bull-fighting in the Federal District. The prohibitory law in force since 1867 was repealed last winter, and two bull-rings have been set up, one at San Rafael, not far from the station of the Mexican National, and the other in the Plaza del Mercado. Fifteen per cent. of the gross receipts goes to the municipality. It is pleasant to be able to report, however, that whereas both were well patronized every Sunday at first, they already show grave symptoms of decline; they have pooled their interests, and are now open only on alternate Sundays.

It cannot be said that the great drainage problem has advanced much nearer a solution. An American company undertook it in 1882, but forfeited its charter through inability to file the requisite bond. Next the federal and municipal governments took hold of it in partnership, but they tired of it, and have again offered it to competition. The plan after which work is at present being pursued is that of reopening an old tunnel, commenced in the last century, leading through the mountains northwest of the city. The cut of Nochistongo has been abandoned. Critics write to the newspapers that this plan too is impracticable; indeed, the general criticism is made that all plans alike are impracticable, and that drainage will dry up the ground and cause the buildings to tumble down. Taking it in all its aspects, after these three hundred years of effort, it is as difficult a question as a community is often called upon to face; Mexico is unlucky in having several such that are almost too much for her.

I recall, smiling now, some of my early experiences in gaining information about the drainage, among other matters. I had met, at the house of a Mexican gentleman of wealth, an engineer who professed that he would have great pleasure in putting what he knew of it at my disposal. I called upon him. He was absent, but his wife made an appointment for him a few days ahead. When I called to keep it he was again absent; but this time the wife—she was perhaps of French extraction, at least she always preferred to speak French—said, with a shrewd air: "My husband would like very much to tell you about the drainage" (and she implied that his knowledge of it was immense), "if you would pay him well for it. Why do not *you* form a company?" she added, vivaciously; "he would be very glad to be employed as your engineer."

Needless to say that I applied elsewhere. Fancy a New-Yorker of standing asking a foreigner, whom he had met socially, to pay him for giving a few points about the Erie Canal or the Croton Aqueduct!

I do not cite this as an instance of the manners of the Mexicans; the old Castilian courtesy still lingers; it only shows that a boorish provincialism is yet to be found in very unexpected quarters.

The National Museum has been rearranged, and its collections rendered much more accessible. The tone of antiquarian science, in the mean time, tends to disturb many fond illusions to which we have long been wedded. It is particularly severe upon Prescott. Bandelier would reduce Mexico to a *pueblo* like those of the Zuñis, and the life-and-death struggle of Cortez with the myriads at Otumba from a battle like that of Alexander at Arbela or the Granicus to a petty Indian ambush. It is held that Cortez magnified his exploits to obtain favor at court, and escape punishment for his disobedience. Against this may be urged that the numerous enemies of Cortez could easily have exposed such pretensions, and had every motive for doing so. The discrepancy between his claims and the actual facts as now allowed was so prodigious that it could not possibly have escaped detection.

M. Charnay, however, sent out by the French Society of Americanists and Mr. Lorillard, of New York, is an explorer of a far less skeptical turn. He tells, among other things, that the two leading Mexican antiquarians, Chavero and Orozco y Berra, would not go out to Teotihuacan to see his excavations; and says, "The greater part of the modern Mexican authors....have spoken of the ancient monuments after the accounts of foreign travellers and by hearsay, but how many of them have themselves ever visited the distant ruins of their country?"

Mexico has become also a country of guide-books. The two principal ones differ so greatly in all matters of figures that, in default of a chapter on the comparative value of authorities, they can give but little satisfaction to the practical inquirer. Thus one gives the population of Vera Cruz at 20,000, the other at 10,000 (my own information, from residents on the spot, puts it at 17,000), and the same discrepancies continue throughout.

An event of decided literary importance has been the appearance of the large volumes on Mexico of Bancroft's great *History of the Pacific States*. The style is bad, and the philosophy not profound, but it is a veritable mine of material, which may yet perhaps be worked over to better advantage. Its bibliography contains an amazing list of books. A single brief chapter is often followed by several finely printed pages of references. In the portion relating to the Mexican war it abuses our own country, as is the fashion of most later writers, and stands by the defeated nation. This is a fault of the chivalric sort, but it begins to be high time to say a word on the other side.

But among the books, I know of none manifesting a more enlightened and friendly spirit toward the Mexicans, though it is severe in certain ways, than David A. Wells's brief *Study of Mexico*. Mr. Wells proposes the one practical solution I have met with for the almost insuperable difficulties of Mexico, namely, that the United States should guarantee for a short time a low interest upon its national debt. The plan, however strange, is based upon grounds of self-interest and of duty, for which I beg to refer the reader to the volume itself.

The truth is that the troubles of Mexico move in a vicious circle, all mutually increasing one another. A disturbed state of society has both checked production and made necessary a large army. The large army means heavier taxes, while the ability to earn them has diminished. The difficulty of raising money induces the government to put on the screws in new ways, and to employ parsimony toward its inferior public servants. This leads to smuggling and official corruption, depleting the already scanty revenue, tends to throttle what little productive industry yet remains, and kindles anew the blaze of revolt. Partly through these causes, and partly as a tradition from the old Spanish domination, Mexico is cursed with the worst system of extortionate imposts known to civilized nations. Tribute is levied not only at the coasts and frontiers, but at the borders of every state, and again at the gates of every town and village. No real prosperity can be looked for till this is got rid of, and an enlightened system of taxation is put in its place. But in the mean time the country needs the money, and how is this to be done? Now that peace is assured, let us consider whether we should not do a service so slight, as far as we are concerned, and of so great importance for our neighbor.

I say that peace is assured. We have well entered upon the eleventh year since any government has been overthrown by revolution—a thing not only unprecedented, but never even remotely approached, since 1810. It is true that another election is approaching, and mutterings are heard against the rule of Porfirio Diaz, but these do not seem likely to be effective. The Constitution has just been amended to allow of his re-election, and he will probably keep his pacific, if dictatorial grasp upon power as usual. Anywhere else this would seem slightly illogical, as he secured

his place originally by wading through seas of blood on a campaign of "no re-election!" But the Americans have got into the habit by this time of taking Mexico much in her own way, and not expecting her to square too rigidly to preconceived notions. As long as the peace is not broken, the present friendly leanings will not be disturbed. The advent of more truly representative institutions will be awaited in contentment with the establishment of a better economic system.

WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

JOHN W. DAVIS.

JOHN W. DAVIS, of Pawtucket, is the first Democrat elected to the office of Governor in Rhode Island for very many years, and his election was due to an independent revolt in the Republican party against the management of the "machine" under the lead of CHARLES R. BRAYTON. This revolt was incited by the action of the Legislature last year in creating a State constabulary force to execute the prohibitory liquor law, and choosing BRAYTON as the chief of the force. BRAYTON was not only regarded as one of the most active and least scrupulous of the so-called "ring" managers, but had been charged with embezzlement of the public funds as Postmaster of Providence. Moreover, the purpose of establishing the State constabulary and placing him at its head was alleged not to be so much the enforcement of the liquor law as the increase of his power and opportunities in controlling party action. The dissatisfaction among the Republicans with the conduct of last year's Legislature became very outspoken when the canvass of the present year was opened, and found an aggressive and fearless organ in the Providence *Journal*, the leading newspaper of the party in the State. The renomination of Governor WETMORE was vigorously opposed, on the simple ground that it was the work of BRAYTON and the "ring," and intended as a means of confirming their control. The Democrats at their Convention early in March nominated Mr. DAVIS as their candidate for Governor, and he received the support of many independent Republicans, and the result of the contest was his election by a clear majority of a little less than 1000, and the defeat of most of the Republican ticket.

Mr. DAVIS is a native of Rehoboth, Massachusetts, but removed to Providence in 1844. A few years later he engaged in business as a grain dealer, and has continued in it ever since. Many years ago he served on the Democratic City Committee of Providence, and has several times been a member of the State Committee of the party, but he has acted rather as a counsellor of the party than as a seeker for office. About ten years ago he removed his residence to Pawtucket, retaining his business in Providence. In 1882 he was elected to the Town Council of Pawtucket, and chosen as its presiding officer. In 1884 he was a candidate for the State Senate, but though defeated on that occasion, he was again nominated the following year, and was elected by a decisive majority over HENRY B. METCALF, Republican. The same year (1885) he was again chosen President of the Town Council of Pawtucket, but resigned on account of dissensions in the Board. Last year he was again elected to the State Senate, and took an active part in efforts to perfect the liquor law which an amendment of the Constitution required the Legislature to pass, but opposed the establishment of a State constabulary. Last October he was appointed appraiser of foreign merchandise for the district of Providence. In a speech replying to congratulations for his election as Governor he counselled moderation, and recognized the fact that it was not a party triumph, but a protest against vicious political methods. Mr. DAVIS will be formally inaugurated as Governor on Tuesday, the 31st inst.

SPRING AUCTION SALES IN THE COUNTRY.

IT is an event. The spring sale is something which breaks up the monotony of country life. The trees may bud, the grass carpet the fields, the orchards be snow-white with blooms, but this is not spring in all her blushing beauty without the sale. A spring sale can be counted upon. Human mutations and accidents are as certain to come as the seasons. Jabez, old Jabez, who was known in the country, man and boy, for the last three-quarters of a century, "who knowed General JACKSON, sir," has been gathered to his fathers, and Jabez's property is to be brought to the block and sold to the highest bidder for the benefit of his heirs; sometimes, not often, it may be an adventurous man who scatters his household goods, and takes the proceeds, bent on striking out for "pastures new" somewhere near the Yellowstone. Auctioneers during the spring months, especially in May, have their harvest-time; if not in one district, it is in the next; and so from the beginning of April to the end of May sales take place. There always is a good audience—an appreciative one—who expect an auctioneer to be amusing, and will increase their biddings with his jokes. When in a good humor they open their wallets. All the boys, far and near, are sure to be there, and if there be a school-house in the neighborhood, the benches are likely to have no occupants. A spring sale has some resemblance to a circus. There is always present the perambulating refreshment man who supplies homœopathic oyster soup—one oyster to the pint of fluid. There are cakes, candy, and chewing gum to be swallowed, munched, and masticated. Then the boys get up a game of base-ball, and vigorous is the play; or two darky lads will take a rough-and-tumble, and "the most falls in three bouts" for a quarter. From a pig to a churn, from a yearling to a curry-comb, from the unbroken colt to a broken plough, all objects find customers.

When it comes to the horses excitement reaches its climax. How carefully the critter's mouth is looked at, his legs and pelt examined! The auctioneer here is at his best. He expatiates on pedigrees, the past usefulness of this particular horse, and the possibilities of his future; and "Now how much is offered for him?" What critical examination is given to that noble animal the pig! There are subtle men among those rustics who will calculate the weight of the shoat to an ounce. Among the personages who are present there are always some peculiar ones. There is the man who never missed a sale for the last twenty-five years, but, as his neighbors assert, "never bought nothing yet." "The one-cent man," as he is dubbed, may have been naturally a spendthrift, and to-day has the hardest work to curb in his impulses to be extravagant; anyhow, as he must buy, he limits himself to any object, no matter what it is, providing it does not cost more than the one-hundredth of a dollar. "A collar, gentlemen, a first-rate, brand-new collar," cries the auctioneer. "Hain't been in service, to my certain knowledge, six months. It's kind of limp, you say, Mr. Green. Well, it was specially made for a high-bred hoss as had a tender skin. Wouldn't fit your mule, says you, Mr. Green? Just you try her on. Twenty—twenty-five cents—twenty-eight cents, and agin you, Mr. Green. Twenty-nine; thank you. It's yourn, Mr. Green. I knowed it would just suit yer."

CONSUL-GENERAL RATHBONE.

ON the 18th of May President CLEVELAND appointed JARED LAWRENCE RATHBONE, of California, to be Consul-General of the United States at Paris. The office is one for which there are always numerous applicants whenever a vacancy in it occurs, and the present incumbent has, in his turn, carried it off from a crowded field of competitors. He was born in Albany, of which city his father was Mayor during the three years, from 1838 to 1840 inclusive. He was a step-son of the late Senator IRA HARRIS. Appointed as a cadet at large at the Military Academy at West Point in 1861, he graduated in June, 1865, No. 44, in a class of sixty-eight members, and was successively made Second Lieutenant and First Lieutenant in the 12th Infantry. The civil war was then over, but he served during that year and the following in garrison at Richmond, Williamsburg, Norfolk, and Fort Monroe, in Virginia, and was Adjutant of the 1st Battalion of his regiment. In 1866 he was made aide-de-camp to General SCHOFIELD at Richmond, and served on his staff nearly four years, first in the Department of the Potomac and the First Military District, then at the War Department, and finally in the Division of the Pacific. Meanwhile, in 1869, he had been transferred to the 1st Artillery. In 1872 he resigned from the army, and took up his residence in San Francisco. There he married Miss ATHERTON, of Menlo Park, and went into various business undertakings. He has been especially concerned with farming, mining, and stock-raising, and had charge at one time, we believe, of Mr. STANFORD'S famous stock farm at Palo Alto. He is president of the Blood-horse Association of California, one of the directors of the Union Club of San Francisco, and an honorary member of the Union Club of New York. It was his brother who was in the theatre box with President LINCOLN when the latter was assassinated, and received a dangerous stab from BOOTH'S dirk. The new Consul-General has many friends in New York, Washington, and Albany, as well as San Francisco, to congratulate him on his present appointment. A Democrat in politics, he has never before held political office.

BRIDGED.

THE swinging bridges of Chicago have caused more local discussions, annoyances, and accidents to citizens, and impediments to the transit of pedestrians, goods, and vehicles than have any other half-dozen things in the municipal administration of that city. The river, with its two branches, cuts the city into three divisions, and is crossed by forty-two bridges, thirty-two of which are travel bridges, and the remainder used for steam railway tracks alone. Of the thirty-two travel bridges twelve are crossed by street railroads, and two more soon will be. All of the bridges are swung to enable lake craft to pass in and out the wharves lying along the river within the city. They are worked by hand levers (with three exceptions, where steam-power is employed) on a circular cogged track resting on a heavy pier in the centre of the river. The city owns and operates them. It was not until 1856 that the present system of drawbridges was introduced and made to work successfully. Since then every alternate street in the heart of Chicago has been provided with one of these annoying necessities.

For years these bridges were the source of unceasing trouble. There was no enforced regulation for opening and closing them, and not infrequently thousands of anxious citizens and hundreds of vehicles would be kept waiting the pleasure of a bridge-tender, who would keep the draw open from a half-hour to an hour and a half. Now the "waits" are better regulated by ordinance, which is fairly enforced, and in the daytime the public are less troubled than at night. It is required that bridges shall be closed between 6.30 and 7.30 A.M., and from 5 to 7 P.M., when the tide of travel is the highest. Between 7 A.M. and 5 P.M. a ten minutes' swing only is allowed. After 7 P.M. vessels have it their own way; unfortunate and tardy theatre-goers may lose half the play, or get over the river long after midnight on their way home.

The artist has caught a bridging scene at its flood tide, when pedestrians, street-cars, trucks, and public vehicles are awaiting the turning of one of those swinging affairs which have done so much to test the patience and the profanity of Chicagoans. The perplexing frequency of this interruption by day, and its more than provoking regularity at night, have brought the bridges to the lowest depths of disrepute. Happily there is now a measure of relief from this condition of things: still it is but comparative.

Accidents have been numerous; horses with vehicles have been swung out with a bridge; there being no safety gates at either end, the animals have backed off into the river. So also at the approaches, where there are no gates, fractious horses have plunged into the stream. Once, at night, a hose-cart, racing to a fire, was driven straight into an open draw. The only signal of the opening, after dark, is a red light, often misleading.

The swinging bridges of Chicago are not equal to the present and growing demands of public transit. The tunnel experiment has failed; it only remains to cover the river, use it as a sewer only, raze the approaches, and have level streets from one division to another.

THE ENLARGED HORIZON MOON.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

BOTH the sun and the moon when they are near the horizon seem to look larger than when they are high above the horizon. Many suppose that these bodies really look larger near the horizon than when high above it; and because the word "look" thus used is rather doubtful in significance, this is in one sense true. But many think it true in every sense. We must therefore define the meaning of the word "look." Take two cases in which it is used. The moon looks as large as the sun; the moon near the horizon looks larger than when riding high in the heavens. Here the same word is used, but in entirely different senses. To indicate the distinction, take some familiar object of known size, and note how the same word can be applied to such an object in both the senses we are considering. Thus we may say that man at the end of the street looks as tall as that house half a mile away; and we may say that man looks like a giant beside Tom Thumb. In one case we mean that the man's height really subtends a visual angle as large as that subtended by the height of the house; in the other we do not refer to the visual angle really subtended by the man's height, but to the false idea conveyed to the mind that the man is much above the average height (though he is not really so), because of his proximity to a dwarf. We shall use the word "look" in what follows with the former significance, and to express the latter we shall use the expression "seems to look." Thus we should say, the moon looks as large as the sun; but instead of saying the moon near the horizon looks larger, we say only that she seems to look larger, than when she is high above the horizon. For, as a matter of fact, in this sense of the verb "to look," the moon does *not* look larger nearer the horizon, but in reality rather smaller, than when she is high in the heavens.

The matter should be tested by experiment. This is very easily done. Attach a disk of card half an inch in diameter at right angles to one end of a rod five feet in length, and divided by suitable marks into five feet, the foot farthest from the projecting card being divided into inches. On some night when the full-moon is near the horizon (rising), direct this rod toward her, the card disk being at the end farthest from the eye, and note carefully where the eye has to be along the inch-divided part of the rod that the moon may just be hidden by the card. It will be found that the eye must be near the mark indicating four feet seven inches from the card. (Of course the distance varies slightly in different lunar months, because the moon's path around the earth is eccentric, and her distance therefore variable; but this does not affect the observation we are considering.) Now wait a few hours till the moon is high above the horizon, and then repeat the experiment. It will be found that the card disk hides the moon when the eye is at appreciably the same distance from the card. If the observation is very carefully made, with appliances for rendering it precise and accurate, it will be found that the eye has to be a trifle nearer the card when the moon is high than when she is low, showing that the moon when high looks rather larger or is rather nearer than when she is near the horizon. For the comparatively rough observation we are considering, however, this point need hardly be noticed. It is true that when the moon is overhead she is nearly four thousand miles nearer to us than when she is close to the horizon; and this full difference (not usually obtained, because it is only in low latitudes that the moon is ever seen at the zenith) would amount to somewhat less than the sixtieth part of the moon's distance, or to nearly an inch difference of distance where, as in our experiment, we have the moon represented by a half-inch disk, and four feet seven inches to represent the moon's distance. Our experiment, however, is not meant for fine measurement. It simply serves to prove convincingly that the moon does not really look, but only seems to look, larger when near the horizon.

We have to explain, then, why when the moon is low down she seems to look larger, though in reality she does not look larger, than when she is high above the horizon. But to say that the moon seems to look larger is equivalent to saying that she seems to be nearer (observe that to say that the moon looks larger—as she does when in perigee—is equivalent to saying that she *is* nearer) when low than when high. And we shall have fully explained the illusion if we can show a reason for the idea of greater proximity being suggested. A familiar explanation has been that when the moon is low intervening objects enable us to estimate better her real size. Undoubtedly there is something, though not everything, in this explanation. The idea of the child or of the savage about the moon is that she is from about a foot to about a yard in diameter. A child will usually give a distance of about a foot, a wholly uneducated grown person a distance of about a yard, for the moon's diameter. Now when the moon is seen on the horizon near a house or tree, and looking considerably larger than either, the mind even of the child or savage is convinced at once that the moon is much more than a yard in diameter. And the idea is naturally conveyed that the moon is much larger than she had seemed when high above the horizon. The idea of greater proximity is not conveyed in this way, for the very nature of this explanation requires that the moon should seem changed in actual volume. Indeed, every one who can recall the ideas of childhood in this matter will remember that the moon on the horizon had a swollen look, as if expanded somehow beyond her usual dimensions.

But there can be no doubt that the phenomenon is chiefly due to another cause. To all of us, whatever our knowledge of the real fact may be, the arch of the heavens over our heads appears to be somewhat flattened—whether the sky is clear or clouded—in such sort that the region overhead seems to be much nearer than the parts near the horizon. The amount of apparent flattening varies with different persons, but the average idea is that the part of the sky near the horizon is about four times as far away as the part of the sky immediately overhead. It is noteworthy that while this view is never correct, it errs in one way when the sky is clouded, and in precisely the opposite way when the sky is clear; for when the sky is clouded the under surface of clouds bounding our view (assuming the clouds to form a layer) is very flat, while when the sky is clear the dome of the heavens must be regarded as a hemisphere. Now it is clear that as the moon is set mentally on the sky there must be an expectation—conscious or unconscious, it matters not which—that when in her course she reaches that part of the sky which seems farthest away, she will look smaller than when she is high above the horizon, or on a part of the sky which seems nearer. As a matter of fact, she looks *no* smaller. That the mind should translate this, which really means no more than that the moon looks larger than was expected, into the impression that she looks larger than she really does, is akin to many of the mistakes into which the mind falls in various forms of illusion.

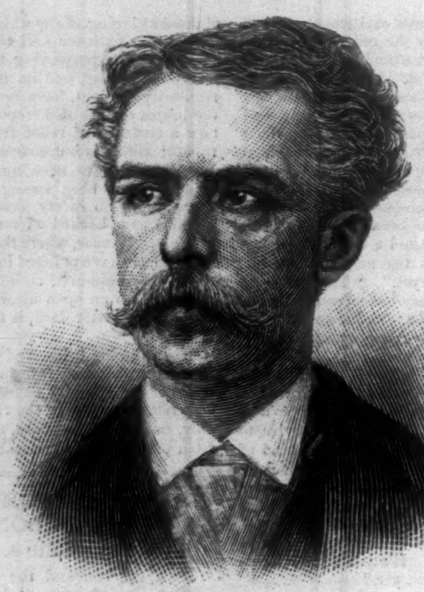
WILLIAM H. MACY.

A VENERABLE figure, familiar and honored in the business and the benevolent walks of New York, has just been removed in the death of Mr. WILLIAM H. MACY, which occurred on the 18th of May, at his house, No. 40 East Twenty-first Street. Born in Nantucket, November 4, 1805, the son of Captain JOSIAH MACY, a mariner and well-known member of the MACY family of that island, whose ancestors were among the early English settlers of New England, he came to New York at the age of eighteen to seek his fortune. Like his father and his family for generations, he was of the Society of Friends, and through his father's acquaintance secured a situation in the office of SAMUEL HICKS, the South Street shipping merchant. Promptly on coming of age he began business for himself as a commission merchant in Front Street, and his father joining him soon after, the new firm was known as JOSIAH MACY & SON. About the same time, in 1827, he married ELIZA L., the daughter of SILVANUS F. JENKINS, of New York city. After sixty years of married life, his wife survives him, as do four out of the eight children born to them. Two of these four are sons, WILLIAM H. MACY, Jun., a Broad Street merchant, and SILVANUS J. MACY, of Rochester, at one time President of the Sodus Bay and Southern Railroad.

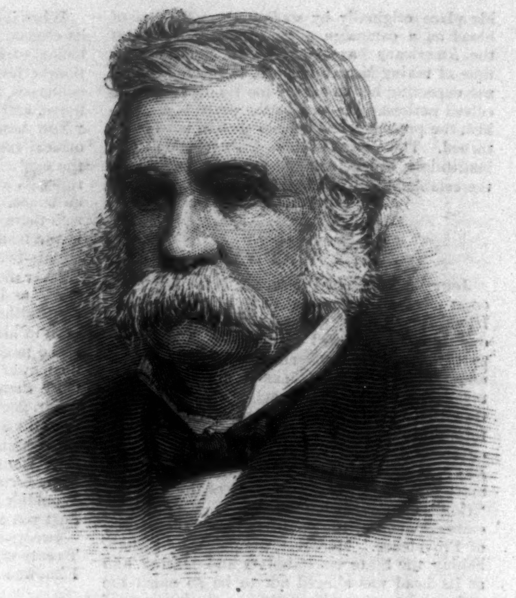
Thus early established in his business and his home life, Mr. MACY began a career which for threescore years was distinguished for industry, integrity, and success. Elected a member of the Chamber of Commerce more than half a century ago, he soon became its Vice-President. He was made a director of the Leather Manufacturers' Bank, and thereafter its Vice-President. He became a director also of the National Bank of Commerce, a director of the Second Avenue Railroad, a director in both the National and the City fire insurance companies, and a trustee of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company. Of the United States Trust Company he was Vice-President. But his most widely known public position was that of President of the Seamen's Bank for Savings, which office he held up to his death. He had been made a Trustee of the institution nearly forty years ago, in 1848, Vice-President in 1851, and President in 1863, serving in the latter capacity until 1867, and in 1872 he was again chosen President.

His selection for so many corporate offices of responsibility and trust indicates the appreciation of his probity and his business capacity by those associated with him. A like testimonial to his sound judgment and his uprightness of character is to be found in his selection as trustee or executor under many wills. He was President of the New York Hospital, the Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled, the Bloomingdale Asylum, and the Seamen's Cemetery Association. He was a trustee of Roosevelt Hospital, and of the Children's Aid Society. As a member of the Society of Friends he was active in its good work, and worshipped at the meeting-house in Rutherford Place. He took a just pride in his old-time ways, in his activity, in his punctuality at the many appointments which his wide series of business and charitable interests required of him, and was a fine type of the honorable and useful citizen.

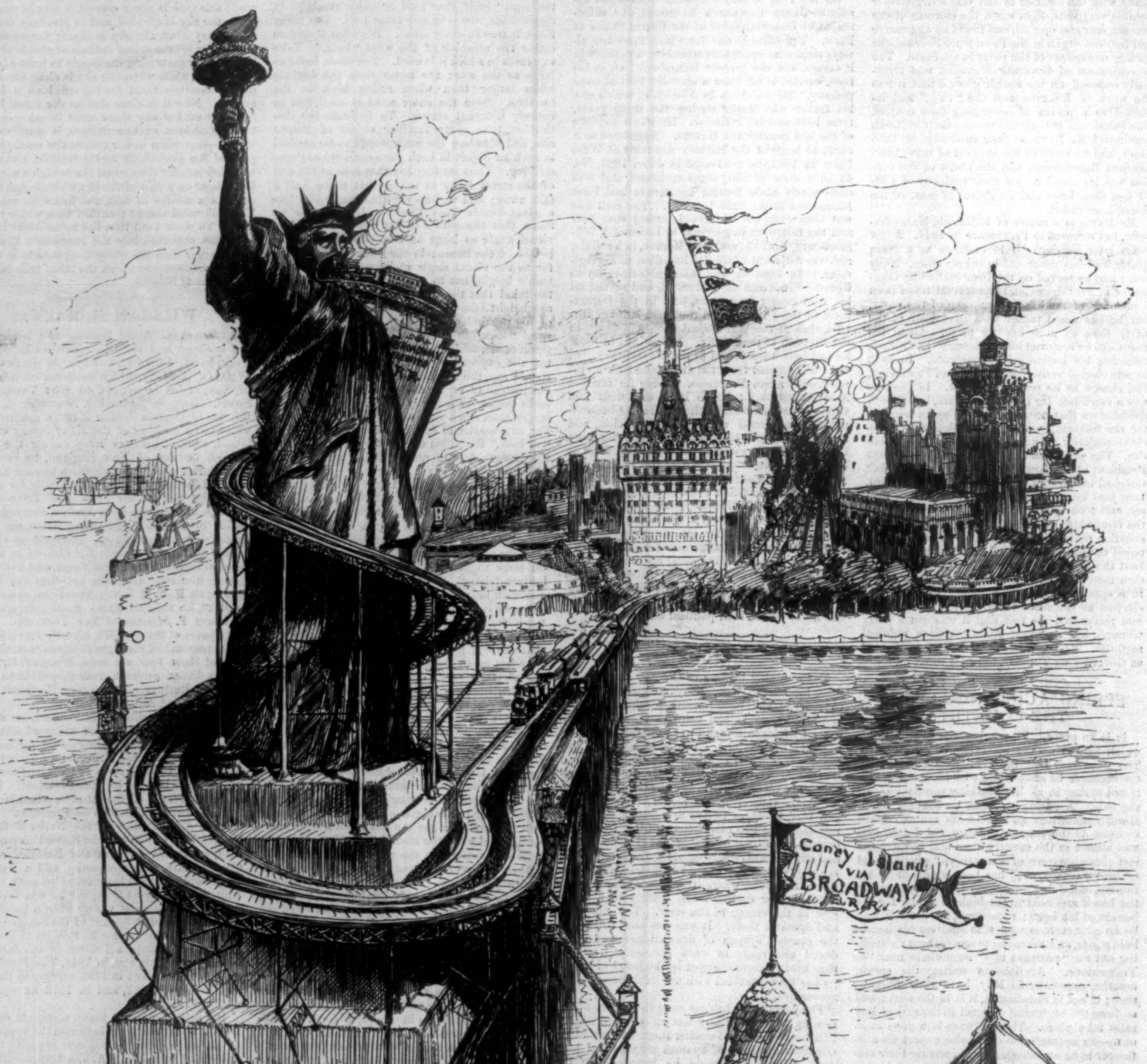
THE LATE WILLIAM H. MACY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICKS.—[SEE PAGE 387.]



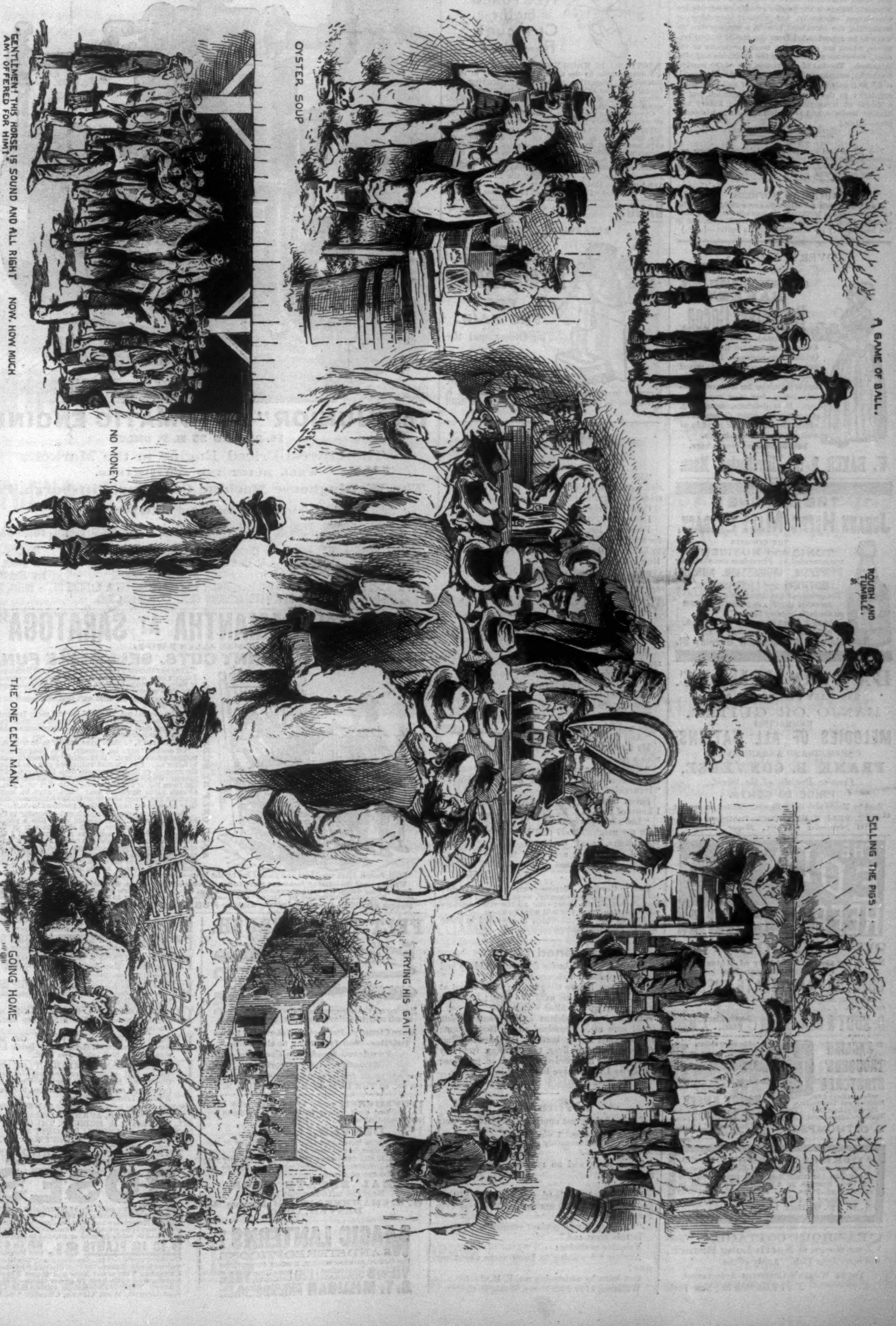
MAJOR JARED LAWRENCE RATHBONE, APPOINTED CONSUL-GENERAL AT PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 387.]



HON. JOHN W. DAVIS, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF RHODE ISLAND
[SEE PAGE 387.]



GRAND COMPLETION OF THE BROADWAY ELEVATED RAILROAD SYSTEM.



A SPRING AUCTION IN RURAL PENNSYLVANIA.—Drawn by H. M. Wilder after Sketch by B. McCord.—[See Page 387.]

CLEAR THE WAY

Without loss of time, when the intestinal canal is blocked up by reason of constipation, chronic or temporary. It should be borne in mind that this ailment is prone to become lasting and obstinate, and breed other and worse complaints. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the precise remedy to remove the obstruction effectually, but without drenching or weakening the blockaded bowels, a consequence always to be apprehended from the use of violent laxatives, which are among the most pernicions of the cheap nostrums swallowed by the credulous and misinformed. The fiat of experience, and of the medical fraternity, sanctions the claims of this standard aperient. Not only as a source of relief and permanent regularity to the bowels, liver, and stomach, but as a means of remedying and preventing kidney and bladder troubles, and fever and ague, it is without a peer.—[*Adv.*]

For all mental and physical debility, nervous exhaustion, and lack of tone in the system, use *Thurber, Whyland, & Co.'s Restorative Wine of Coca.*—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

THE GENUINE

JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

THE FAVORITE

TONIC and NUTRIENT,

recommended by Physicians since 1847, for

DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, NURSING MOTHERS and LUNG troubles.

The *genuine* has the signature of JOHANN HOFF AND MORITZ EISNER on the neck of every bottle.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO., PHILA.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U. S.

New York Depot, 11 Barclay St.

BANJO MUSIC.

230 EASY PIECES FOR THE

BANJO OR GUITAR,

EMBRACING

MELODIES OF ALL NATIONS.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED FOR

FRANK B. CONVERSE,

Premier Banjoist of the World.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

Sold by Music and Book Stores. Mailed on receipt of price. BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, 166 Nassau Street, New York.

THE EDDY ESTABLISHED 1847. REFRIGERATOR.

OVER 170,000 IN USE.

Noted for their Durability of Material and Perfect Workmanship.

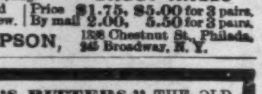
COLD, DRY AIR. SLATE SHELVES.

Ask your dealer for it, or send to us for illustrated catalogue.

D. EDDY & SON, Boston (Dorchester Dist.), Mass.

"ENGLISH 'TROUSERS' STRETCHER"

Green, Cadbury & Co., Patentees and Manufrs, Eng.



NO MORE BAGGY KNEES

Its use makes Old Trousers appear new. | Price \$1.75, \$5.00 for 3 pairs. By mail 2.00, 5.50 for 3 pairs.

E. O. THOMPSON, 1338 Chestnut St., Philada. 245 Broadway, N. Y.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

SEA-SHORE COTTAGE, for Working Women, at North Long Branch, will open June 15th. Apply at the

Young Women's Christian Association,
No. 7 East 15th St., New York.

BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the Cuticura Remedies in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. Cuticura Remedies are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Resolvent, \$1; Soap, 25c. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

HANDS Soft as dove's down, and as white, by using Cuticura Medicated Soap.

ESTABLISHED 1801.

Barry's Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR.

The Oldest and the Best.

Prevents the hair from falling off, eradicates scurf, dandruff, &c. Keeps it in the most beautiful condition, and is warranted to cause new hair to grow on bald places.

I Owe My Life.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move!

I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did no good, I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters.

Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '86. R. Fitzpatrick.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1886. Gentlemen—
I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.

No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure, until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle

Nearly cured me;"

The second made me as well and strong as when a child,

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint.

"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters.

And many more are using them with great benefit. "They almost do miracles?"

Mrs. E. D. Slack.

How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise, work too hard without rest, doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know

How to Get Well.—which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave.

J. W. Morey, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1884.

I Write This

Token of the great appreciation I have of your

* * * Bitters. I was afflicted
With inflammatory rheumatism ! ! !
For nearly

Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any

Good ! ! !

Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well to-day as ever I was. I hope

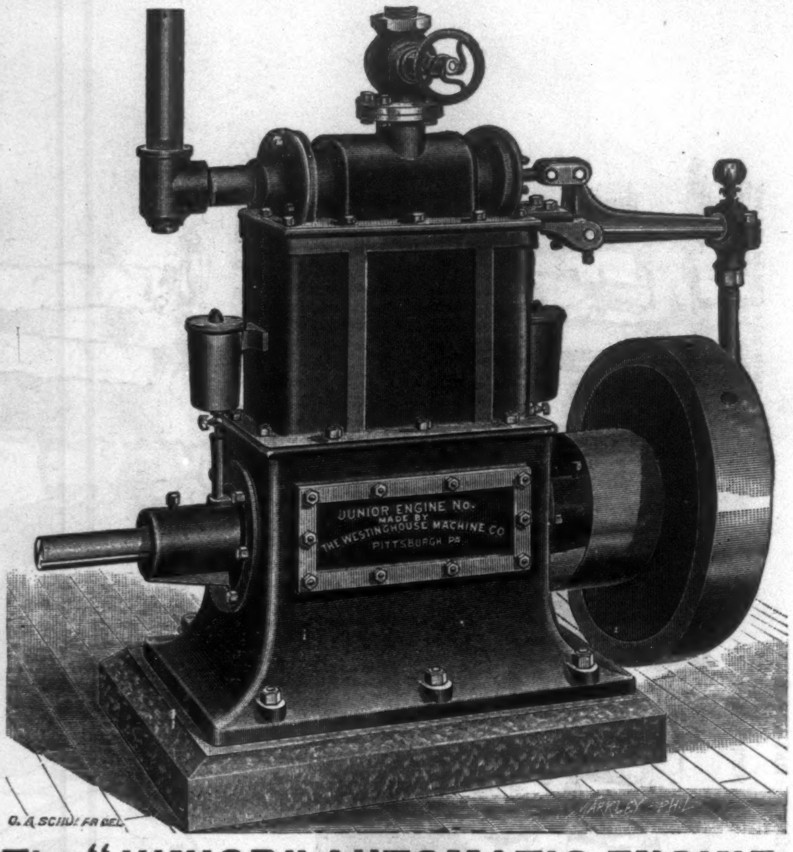
"You may have abundant success"

In this great and"

Valuable medicine:

Anyone * * wishing to know more about my cure?

Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Wash, D. C.



The "JUNIOR" AUTOMATIC ENGINE,

15, 25, AND 35 H. P. ONLY.

The Lowest-Priced Engine in the Market.

WELL BUILT AND SERVICEABLE.

The Westinghouse Machine Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sales Department for the United States Conducted by

WESTINGHOUSE, CHURCH, KERR & CO., 17 Cortlandt Street, N. Y., Hamilton Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.,	Chicago, Ill.	D. A. TOMPKINS & CO.,	Charlotte, N. C
FAIRBANKS & CO.,	St. Louis, Mo.	ROBERT MIDDLETON,	Mobile, Ala.
PARKE & LACY,	San Francisco, Cal.	H. DUDLEY COLEMAN,	New Orleans, La.
UTAH & MONTANA MACHINERY CO.,	Salt Lake, Utah.	KEATING IMPLEMENT & MACHINE CO.,	Dallas, Texas.

IRON BAY MANUFACTURING CO., - - Marquette, Mich.

THE FUNNIEST BOOK OF ALL!

"SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA"

By JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

FUNNY HITS. FUNNY CUTS. SELLS LIKE FUN.

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

"They say there is a sight of flirtin' done at Saratoga. I didn't hear so much about it as Josiah did, naturally there are things that are talked of more amongst men than women.

I told him from the first on't that he'd better let it entirely alone.

But he seemed sot. He said "it wuz more fashionable amongst married men and wimmen, than the more single ones," he said "it wuz dretful fashionable amongst pardners."

"Wall," says I, "I shall have nothin' to do with it."

"Of course," says he fiercely, "*You* need'nt have nothin' to do with it. It is nothin' you would want to foller up. And I would ruther see you sunk into the ground, or be sunk myself, than to see you goin' into it. Why," says he savagely, "I would tear a man lim from lim, if I see him a-tryin' to flirt with you." (Josiah Allen worships me.) "But," says he, more placider like, "men *have* to do things sometimes, that they know is too hard for their pardners to do."

There wuz a young English girl aboardin' to the same place we did. She dressed some like a young man, carried a cane, etc. But she wuz one of the upper 10, and wuz as pretty as a picture, and I see Josiah had kinder sot his eyes on her as bein' a good one to try his experiment with. But I could see that she was one of the girls who would flirt with the town pump, or the meetin' house steeple, if she couldn't get nobody else to flirt with.

Wall, Josiah Allen would set and look at her by the hour—dretful admirin'."

Written amid the *whirl of fashion* at **Saratoga**, it takes off its **follies, flirtations**, low neck dressing, **dudes, pug dogs**, the **water craze, tobogganing**, etc., in the author's inimitable **mirth provoking** style. The (100) illustrations by "Opper" are "*just killing.*" People crazy to get it. *Selling like Hot Cakes.*

Price \$2.50. Agents wanted. Apply to HUBBARD BROS. Pubs. Philadelphia.

FELT TOOTH BRUSH.

Having all the advantages of the old bristle Tooth Brush and the following advantages over same:

More Cleanly—Perfect Polisher—No Loose Bristles—Non-Irritating to the Gums—Powdered Ready for Use—Endorsed by the Profession.

For sale by all dealers in toilet articles, or by mail for 60c. by THE HORSEY M'F'G CO., Utica, N. Y.

REFERENCE given to hundreds who have doubled their money in one to three years on lots bought of me in

DENVER, COLO.,

many of whom have never seen the lots or been in the city. Not a single customer has made a losing investment. The city presents a favorable opportunity for profitable investment. Shrewd observers believe we are on the eve of a great

REAL ESTATE BOOM.

Maps and full description by mail.

H. B. CHAMBERLIN, 1664 Lawrence St., DENVER, COLO.

MAGIC LANTERNS! AND STEREOPTICONS

FOR PUBLIC, SUNDAY SCHOOL & HOME EXHIBITIONS

VIEWS Illustrating all Subjects | 120 page Illus. Catalogue, FREE

C. T. MILLIGAN 728 Chestnut St., PHILADELPHIA.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. For Improved and Economic Cookery.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Only sort guaranteed Genuine by Baron Liebig.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. The Finest Meat-flavoring Stock. USE it for Soups, Sauces, and Made Dishes.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Efficient tonic in all cases of Weakness and Digestive Disorders.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Highly recommended as a Nightcap instead of alcoholic drinks.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in blue ink across label.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole agents for the United States (wholesale only). C. David & Co., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by JAMES P. SMITH, PARK & TILFORD, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, THURBER, WHYLAND, & CO., FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S
BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING

ROSES

For 18 Years our Great Specialty has been growing and distributing ROSES. We have all the Latest Novelties and *finest standard sorts* in different sizes and prices to suit all. We send STRONG, VIGOROUS PLANTS safely by mail or express to all points.

3 TO 12 PLANTS \$1. \$8 to \$25 per Hundred.

Our New Guide, 88 pp., describes nearly 500 finest varieties of Roses, the best Hardy Shrubs, & Climbing Vines, and New and Rare Flower Seeds, and tells how to grow them—FREE. Address THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co. Pa.

FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB.

No. 93 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK, May 19, 1886.

I desire to publish my unsolicited appreciation of the value of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for strains, stiffness, etc. Having had a severe strain of an important muscle, and desiring to run in a series of athletic games, I successfully used an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER as a binder, and with great relief to the parts affected. I have known them to have been successfully used by some of my fellow-members for sprains, stiffness, and other injuries received while in the pursuit of athletic honors. I can highly recommend ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS to all athletes.

S. BISHOP MARKS.

THE
Land Sale

WHICH HAS BEEN ADVERTISED IN THESE columns to take place on THURSDAY, June 2, at

ATHENS, TENN.,

Differs from those usually advertised by syndicates, in that buyers of land are guaranteed improvements that will enhance the value of their property, or their money will be returned with interest, at the cost of the Athens Mining and Manufacturing Company.

Purchasers will not be sold fifty-foot lots at fancy prices, and then left to dispose of them as best they may, but the company will secure the location of manufacturing plants that will enhance the value of surrounding property without expense to buyers at the sale June 2. These improvements are to cost $500,000.

Details of the company's plan, copies of the deed, descriptive circulars and maps of the property, and other information may be obtained in person from—

James T. Howard, President Hanover National Bank, New York.

H. W. McElwee: Inman, Swan & Co., Cotton Exchange, New York.

John R. DeCamp, Vice-President Metropolitan National Bank, Cincinnati.

M. Durner & Co., n. e. cor. Main and Pearl Streets, Cincinnati.

Chas. Mendenhall, Supt. B. & O. Express Company, Cincinnati.

R. J. Fisher, Cashier First National Bank, Athens, Tenn.

R. L. Bright, President Tellico Iron Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

E. C. Pope, iron merchant, Cleveland, O.

Or by mail by addressing

The Athens Mining and Manufacturing Co.,

ATHENS, TENN.

The best History of the War that has yet appeared.—Boston Traveller.

The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S
Pictorial History of the Rebellion

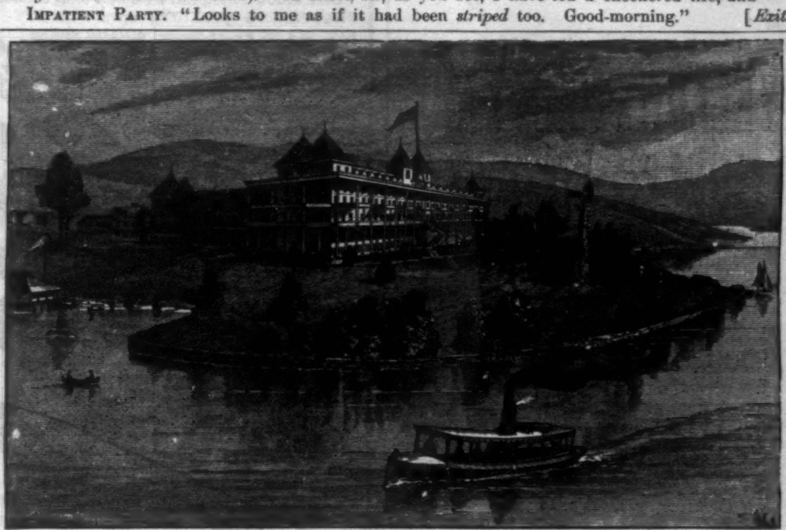
Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; in Full Turkey Morocco, gilt edges, elegant, $35. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** *In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, and most of the larger cities and their vicinity, we can, on application, show a set of the books.* **☞ Sold on easy payments.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

McDONNELL BROS.,
185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Of priceless value for preservation.—Boston Advertiser.

First-class Agents Wanted.

PLAUSIBLE PARTY (*short of hair, and suspiciously bleached, winding up a long story to Impatient Party on his business threshold*). "In short, sir, as you see, I have led a checkered life, and—"
IMPATIENT PARTY. "Looks to me as if it had been *striped* too. Good-morning." [*Exit.*



ADIRONDACKS.
Blue Mountain Lake, Hamilton Co., N. Y.
No Malaria. No Hay Fever.
PROSPECT HOUSE.

N. Y. City address: Geo. W. Tunnicliff, Manager, 305 Fifth Ave.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

Do You Shave While Traveling?

Travelers, or those who shave at home, will find
WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK
a CONVENIENCE and A LUXURY; unequalled in richness and permanency of lather, delicacy of perfume, and in Soothing and Healing qualities.

Very Portable.
Each stick in a wooden-case, neatly covered with red morocco leatherette.

Ask your Druggist for it or send 25cts. in Stamps and receive it post-paid by mail.
The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

Mr. J. T. Groves, Editor of Jacksonville (Fla.), *Herald*, says: "S. S. S. has cured me of sciatic rheumatism of three years' standing."

Mr. M. T. Lamar, of Montgomery, Ala., says: "After suffering for 25 years with inflammatory rheumatism, $16 worth of S. S. S. cured me completely."

Mrs. C. A. Baily, of 17½ Blackstone St., Boston, Mass., says: "S. S. S. has cured me of Black Leprosy after being given up to die by physicians."

Mr. L. T. Clark, of 345 West 12th St., N. Y. City, says: "S. S. S. cured me of lung trouble which everybody called consumption."

Books on "Contagious Blood Poison" and on "Blood and Skin Diseases" mailed free.

For sale by all druggists.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.
London Office: 35 Snow Hill, E. C.

LEGS AND ARMS (Artificial) with *Rubber Hands and Feet.* Most natural, comfortable, and durable. *New patents and important improvements.* Illustrated pamphlet of 160 pages sent free.
A. A. MARKS, 701 Broadway, New York.

STATEN ISLAND
Fancy Dyeing Establishment.
BARRETT, NEPHEWS, & CO.,
5 AND 7 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

DYE, CLEAN, and REFINISH DRESS GOODS and Garments without ripping. Send for Circular and Price-list.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., **Holly, Mich.**

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.

Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

OPIUM HABIT Cured without suffering. **No pay till cured.** O. S. SARGENT, M. D., 22 Claremont Park, Boston.

WANTED.—*Harper's Weekly* 1861 to 1865, or a complete set to date. McDONNELL BROS., Chicago.

FOR A FEW DOLLARS

You can purchase the CHESHIRE WATCH, which is a thoroughly reliable, stem-winding timepiece, guaranteed to give satisfaction in every instance. It is a well-made jewelled movement of American Manufacture, and will do good service for many years, actual tests having shown that for time-keeping it is not surpassed by watches costing *twenty* times the money. No other American watch has won its way to public favor in so short a time, it being recognized at once by experts as a meritorious article, and the price at which it is sold makes it indeed a watch for the people. Ask your dealer for CHESHIRE WATCHES, either in Nickel or Gold-Filled Cases. If he does not have them in stock write to us, and we will tell you how they can be obtained.

THE CHESHIRE WATCH CO.,
CHESHIRE, CONN.

Arnold Constable & Co

PARASOLS,
COACHING and SUN UMBRELLAS.

STYLISH AND UNIQUE MOUNTINGS.

Broadway & 19th st.

REGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK
Nature's Disinfectant.
THE PINE FOREST at HOME.
Should be in Every Household.

100,000 LIVES
ANNUALLY LOST IN THE UNITED STATES,

from Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, Malaria, Dysentery, Enteric Fever, Measles, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough and Diarrhœa, can be saved by the regular use in every household of

"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT,

which is colorless, non-poisonous, does not stain linen and is fragrant.

"Actuated by the same impulse which makes us turn our faces towards a fresh breeze" we "grasp a bottle of 'Sanitas' in a sick room."
—ANNIE THOMAS in "Eyre of Blendon."

"SANITAS" FLUID, OIL, POWDER, SOAPS, &c.
40 Cents each Preparation.

To be had of all Druggists, and of the
American & Continental "Sanitas" Co.,
(Limited.)
636-642 West 55th Street, N. Y.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY (One Number a week for 52 weeks)	10 00

List sent free on application.

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States and Canada.

The most popular and successful periodicals for family reading ever published.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

There is nothing more conducive to wholesome pleasure, and to the creation in the family of an elevated moral condition, than the persistent use of these periodicals. They are as familiar as household words, and are administered with such high humanity and wisdom that they constitute one of the greatest engines of civilization in existence.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

"IT."

SHE. "Yes, Edward, we've got everything, I believe—but where's the baby?!"
HE. "Why—I gave it to you!"
SHE. "I know, and I gave it back to you!"
HE. "Well, by thunder! if I haven't gone and left it in the parlor car!"

Waltham

Timing Watches.

With or Without Split Seconds, and Minute Register.

MANUFACTURED AND GUARANTEED BY THE

American Waltham Watch Co.,

WALTHAM, MASS.

THE WALTHAM CHRONOGRAPH combines an ACCURATE stop-watch for sporting, astronomical and general scientific purposes, with a RELIABLE time-keeper for ordinary use.

The mechanism to start, stop and fly back is of the most simple and durable construction and is independent of the other parts of the movement.

The Waltham Watch Factory is the oldest in America, the most extensive and best equipped in the world, and produces the finest and best watches made.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS JEWELERS.

CASTORIA

Mother's Great Medicine for Children.

Physicians recommend Castoria
Mothers rely upon Castoria
Children cry for Castoria

THIS INK IS MANUF'D BY

J. H. Bonnell & Co. (Limited), N. Y.

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

PACIFIC COAST AND ALASKA.

Excursion Tickets via Northern Pacific R.R.

THE DINING-CAR ROUTE,

Will be sold from all principal points in the United States and Canada at greatly reduced rates.

For Yellowstone Park Maps, Knott's Duluth Speech (illustrated), "Wonderland," and Excursion Rates to all Northwest Territory, apply to any agent of Northern Pacific R. R., or to

CHARLES S. FEE, G. P. and T. A.,
Mention *Harper's Weekly.* ST. PAUL, MINN.

Cristalleries de Baccarat.

The most Celebrated Table Glassware in the World. Every piece labelled. Beware of imitations, as other manufacturers copy the style of the label.

FULL LINES FOR SALE

In New York, by R. H. MACY & CO.;
In Philadelphia, by JOHN WANAMAKER;
In Chicago, by J. H. WALKER & CO.;
In Boston, by HOUGHTON & DUTTON;
In Kansas City, by BULLENE, MOORE, EMERY & CO.

THE approach of the time when we seek the lakes and woods makes us to rejoice. We shall want to be equipped with what will contribute to comfort. Peace of mind cannot exist where there is not peace of body. Shoes should fit, and so should stockings; and there are no other stockings so easy and comfortable as the SHAWKNIT.

☞ Send to the SHAW STOCKING CO., Lowell, Mass., for Descriptive Postpaid List. Goods mailed to any address.

THE TEST OF THE ROADS FOR TEN YEARS,
By the majority of American riders of first-class machines, prove the

COLUMBIA
BICYCLES & TRICYCLES
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.
Illustrated Catalogue sent free.
POPE MFG. CO., Boston, New York, Chicago, Hartford.

FINE CHOCOLATE CREAMS.

You can always depend upon the PURITY and EXCELLENCE OF CHOCOLATES

Bearing the *R.N.P.* Trade-Mark on the bottom of each Drop.
For sale by Confectioners everywhere.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

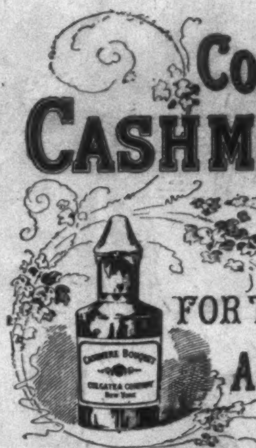
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

Print Your Own Cards.

PRESS, $3; Circular Size, $8; Press for small newspaper, $44. Type-setting easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue, Press, Type, Cards, to factory. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

The Progressive South.

A journal devoted to the interests of the South and of people seeking new homes and profitable investments. Full of information about all localities of the South. Only 50c. a year. Address The Progressive South, 256 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.



COLGATE & CO'S CASHMERE BOUQUET PERFUME

FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF

A luxurious extract from the choicest flowers.

COLGATE & CO'S name and trade mark on each bottle assure purchasers of superior and uniform quality.

A Potent Remedy for

Indigestion, Acute and Atonic Dyspepsia, Chronic and Gastro-Intestinal Catarrh, Vomiting in Pregnancy, Cholera Infantum, and in convalescence from Acute Diseases.

Over 5,000 Physicians have sent to us the most FLATTERING OPINIONS upon DIGESTYLIN, as a REMEDY for all diseases arising from improper digestion.

For 20 years we have manufactured the DIGESTIVE FERMENTS expressly for Physicians' use, and for the past year DIGESTYLIN has been by them extensively prescribed, and to-day it stands without a rival as a digestive agent.

KIDDER'S DIGESTYLIN FOR INDIGESTION & DYSPEPSIA

It is not a secret remedy, but a scientific preparation, the formula of which is plainly printed on each bottle. Its great DIGESTIVE POWER is created by a careful and proper treatment of the ferments in manufacture. It is very agreeable to the taste, and acceptable to the most delicate stomach. For the reliability of our statements, we would respectfully refer to the WHOLESALE and RETAIL DRUGGISTS of the country, and PHYSICIANS generally. Sold by Druggists, or

WM. F. KIDDER & CO.,
Price $1.00. 83 John St., N. Y.

Paillard's MUSIC BOXES ARE THE BEST.

They play selections from all the Standard and Light Operas and the most Popular Music of the Day.

Send stamp for Descriptive Price-list to

M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,
680 Broadway, New York City.
(FACTORY AT STE. CROIX, SWITZERLAND).

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

TRADE E&W. MARK
EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

FOR IMPERFECT DIGESTION, DISORDERED STOMACH.

Let Travellers round this world of care
Without delay themselves prepare,
Against the ills that may arise
From *ill-cooked meals* and *lengthy rides.*
A sure defence is at their call,
For TARRANT'S SELTZER conquers all.

APOLLINARIS

THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS.

STAMMERING

And all nervous affections of speech thoroughly corrected. "I have no hesitation in recommending Mr. Aldrich to speech sufferers."—WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, M.D. For full particulars, testimonials from eminent men, &c., send for circular.
I. R. ALDRICH, 9 West 14th St., N. Y.

ALL STYLES & PRICES

THE AMERICAN CYCLES
DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.
THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN AMERICA

MICROSCOPES *Telescopes, Spectacles, Barometers, Thermometers, Photographic Outfits for Amateurs, Opera Glasses.* W. H. WALMSLEY & CO. successors to R. & J. Beck, Philada. Pa. Ill. price list free to any address

THE COLLISION OF THE "CELTIC" AND "BRITANNIC."

On May 13 the *Celtic*, 5004 tons gross, left Queenstown for New York with 869 passengers. On the following Wednesday, May 18, the *Britannic*, 3888 tons gross, sailed from New York with 480 passengers. Shortly after five o'clock last Thursday these two splendid sister ships of the White Star Line collided with tremendous and deadly violence, and came creeping into port on Sunday like lamed racers. The details are full of the interest inseparable from marine tragedies of the first class.

Both boats were making good passages until they came together, 350 to 400 miles east of Sandy Hook. It was a pleasant afternoon. The weather was good and the sea was calm, but there was a fog. Captain Irving, of the *Celtic*, says he could not see his ship's length, and that she was going half speed, with whistle blowing. The *Britannic* also was moving, say, fourteen miles an hour, with fog signals sounding. What this means at sea all can partly realize who have experienced the nerve-trying noise when the Sound steamers are blowing off steam and no danger is at hand. It therefore was scarcely a happy omen when a little girl on the *Britannic* cried, "Mamma, look at Mother Carey's chickens. I guess we are going to have an accident." There was apparently no other reason than this to fear disaster even after each vessel heard the other's signals, and the sides were thronged with those who thought it would be a fine sight to see the coming vessel pass so close. What the ships' officers thought it is impossible to say, for, as usual in such cases, their lips are closed, and passengers tell the story. But on both boats the captains were on the bridge, and good men were on the lookout forward, with eyes and ears alert, making every human effort to judge distances and direction. But the fog baffled them, and the boats steadily drew together on courses nearly at right angles, as though either were trying to cross the other's bow.

The best estimate is that the boats were first visible to each other about an eighth of a mile apart. If any land-lubber thinks that even then a disaster was unnecessary, a small piece of paper used in connection with a lead-pencil will show him that as the vessels were approaching each other with their united speed, they were bound to come together in about a quarter of a minute.

"She'll give us a devil of a dig, but I don't just know where," said one passenger. There was just time to have the thought, but scarcely interval enough to stir, before the *Celtic* thrust her nose ten feet into the *Britannic's* steerage on the port quarter, rebounded and struck again. Short as the time was, however, the *Celtic's* screw had been stopped, and the helm had been shifted, so as to make the blow a glancing one. On the *Britannic* "Full speed ahead" had been signalled, in hopes of leaving the *Celtic* astern. It is hard to see what more or different could have been done. To appreciate on just what trifles hundred of lives hung at that moment, it is necessary to consider that if the *Celtic* had struck even a little more squarely, and only one or two seconds sooner, she would have gone through the *Britannic's* engine-room, and she would have sunk like a pebble in a bucket, taking all on board.

As it was, it was a terrible blow. The *Celtic* was practically shortened twelve feet at the bow. But she was not hurt behind her collision bulkhead, and no passenger was injured. But in the *Britannic* there was a hole a man could walk through extending below the water-line. Eighteen plates were smashed, twenty frames broken, and nine beams damaged. On deck there was an alarming amount of wreckage. From hold No. 4 aft, for 180 feet until the *Celtic* tore herself free, her sturdy stem swept clear away everything it struck. The bulwarks curled like cardboard, and davits of wrought-iron four inches through bent like reeds in the wind. Worse than all, dismembered bodies lay about, the wounded shrieked, the sailors busied themselves about the boats, and the terrified passengers put on life-preservers. It was a scene of rare confusion and dismay, but scarcely one of panic. The passengers behaved even better than some of the crew. Not a woman fainted, and most of the men were content to take their turn, but one boat was seized by fifteen or twenty firemen, who put off for the *Celtic*. Then Captain Perry restored order at the pistol's mouth, and five boatloads of women and children were sent to the *Celtic*. Meanwhile the captains had consulted with the result of agreeing that both boats were seriously hurt, but that neither was in immediate danger. The *Britannic* had stopped settling aft, showing that the water was confined to one compartment. Accordingly they resolved to keep company toward New York, as, in case of rough water, either boat might need the other's help. While westward bound they were overtaken by the *Marengo* and the *British Queen*, whose captains stood by like good sailor men, and all four boats reached port together.

To this outline it only remains to add some few details. The official account says "several" were killed and wounded. Rev. Mr. Depuy's estimate, based on personal inquiry in the steerage, is that twelve were killed and twenty wounded. Among them was the little girl who had first noticed Mother Carey's chickens. Her head was cut off, and others' injuries were equally shocking. No cabin passenger was hurt at all. While the seamanship and discipline were so good (with the exception of the cowardly firemen) that passengers from both vessels united in a testimonial, it should be noted that the life-preservers were not handily stowed, and the boats generally were not in condition for quick work. The sailors lowered the first one in eight minutes after the crash, but some of the crews were so obviously inexpert that in case of necessity they could not have handled their oars with any efficiency.

Mr. George Allen Rudd, the artist, from whose sketches were made the pictures of the collision given herewith, contributes the following from his personal experience as a passenger on the *Britannic*:

"The *Britannic* left her dock in this city promptly at the advertised sailing hour—2.30 P.M.—on Wednesday, May 18, bound for Liverpool, and carrying about five hundred passengers—about two hundred of which were first-cabin. The weather was most propitious, and many, many heartfelt godspeeds were wished us by the numerous friends who had come to see us off. Everything went gayly on board until the first fog-whistle was sounded, just before eleven on the first evening. Many of us then gathered in the saloon and around the player at the piano murmured at this signal, and the first feelings of dread were indulged in; otherwise the night was perfectly quiet, the steamer making one stop of five to ten minutes about 4 A.M. Thursday, the cause being, as I learned, the close proximity of a passing steamer. All day Thursday the fog continued, but the ship made good time, while blowing constantly the whistle. The passengers seemed all in good spirits, and indulged in the usual pleasure afforded by the hurricane deck of one of the prince of steamers. I interested myself in a study in oil-colors of this deck scene, and especially of the fog effect. At 5.15 P.M., as I was in my state-room—about leaving it—I heard the whistle of an approaching steamer. The thought of a possible collision flashed through my mind, but still I continued through the corridor, intent on going on deck to finish my painting, then half completed. In an instant came the crash. I rushed up the hatchway, and followed the officers and crowd (all intensely excited) to the port side of the hurricane deck, and to the scene of the collision, which was just aft of the engine-rooms—the first blow producing a hole in the *Britannic's* hull, on the water-line, some five feet in diameter, and into the fourth water-tight compartment, at the same time destroying one boat, several state-rooms, and cutting for six feet into the hurricane deck. The momentum of the *Celtic* produced immediately another blow to the *Britannic* a few feet further aft, and this by far the worst feature of the collision, as it was then that some eight to twelve persons were killed. At this blow the nose of the *Celtic* reached fully ten feet over the hull of our ship, demolishing another boat, a large portion of the deck, two life-rafts, and all of the rails, halyards, stays, davits, and other fixings were annihilated in an instant. Then the bow of the *Celtic* scraped off everything within its reach until passing our vessel at the stern, making a wreck some 180 to 200 feet in length, ruining three boats, two life-rafts, in addition to the still worse damage.

"The boats were lowered, and taking some 200 or 300 passengers to the *Celtic* in a very short time, order was soon established. After a close examination of the ship by the Chief Engineer, which proved that the water rushing in the hole was confined to that one compartment, the captain issued orders to have most of our passengers who had been taken to the *Celtic* returned to our ship, as the former was overfull, and at midnight the two ships started slowly (six knots) for New York. Friday morning early the tramp steamer *Marengo* came along, westward bound, and agreed to escort us. Later in the day the steam-ship *British Queen*, Inman Line, joined in the escort, and then we plodded slowly through the water, at intervals dense fog, retracing in three days what we had accomplished in twenty-seven hours."

A JAPANESE ARTEMIS.

We never dared dispute with Mr. Foxcote about Japanese art. If only he could have been induced to impart information in a less aggressive manner! Although I am a young woman of fairly strong nerves, he used to frighten me at times with his vehemence. To compare Japanese with European art was to insult Mr. Foxcote, and the mere mention of Italian Renaissance set him wild.

As hard-working art students we wished to expand our knowledge, and find out what were the sources of human inspiration, so we brought to him ivory carvings and potsherds, and laid them humbly at his feet, in a figurative sense, of course, and listened to his explanations. He never seemed at fault, and we were amazed at his erudition. Such perfect acquaintance with Japanese art assured us that he must have lived years in Japan. He had a small collection which he would show us, and we had to accept his vocal commentary. He never gesticulated, and his arms were motionless. I used to think, because he always wore a black glove on one of his hands, that he had a false arm and hand.

Mr. Foxcote was a man of fifty, with piercing black eyes. It was through the father of a young lady attached to our class that an introduction had taken place, and as we always were three or four in a party when we called on Mr. Foxcote, there was no impropriety in our visits. Mr. Foxcote's salient hobbies were the absolute truthfulness of the Japanese artist, his freedom from coarse realism, his inborn delicacy, and indomitable patience. As to technical details he insisted that the Japanese were the only true workers in metal. "We forge horseshoes, because to us iron is a resistant non-plastic metal. A Japanese deems it to be wax, parafine, and makes it flow."

I remember venturing to say here, "Yes, but are they not dreadfully slow? Don't they potter?" Then I caught it! "Slow! See here," and Mr. Foxcote rushed to a chest and drew out a picture on thin yellow paper. "Here," he said, "is the work of a Japanese artist of the last century. Look at the sixty figures—all in life and motion. A prince is hawking, geese are flying, dogs barking, henchmen running, monkeys are scuttling up the trees. The hand and brain of the artist are at work in unison. Conception and execution are as one, and I read here on this little scroll the following: 'I made this while my tea was steeping.' So you see, miss, that even before the water on this artist's cup was tepid his work was finished. Rapidity of hand can only arise from long, arduous, and slow study." Mr. Foxcote had treated me more kindly than usual—had not bitten my head off—and I felt grateful for his leniency.

A little while afterward, however, I caught it hot and heavy, having called something "conventional." Then he fired up. He asked, "If a Japanese could prattle Italian, or an Italian chatter Japanese?" Now, warming with his subject, he declared that "Benvenuto Cellini was a swashbuckler of a jeweller—a Maiden Lane, John Street petty handicraftsman, whose Perseus was an abomination, who made tiaras for pretty women, and pepper-casters for popes, and whose claims to art supremacy could be disputed by the poorest clay moulder in Japan." Then he waxed hotter and hotter as he returned to "conventionalism," and wound up by a glowing tirade eulogizing the artistic beauty of Japanese women. "Hers," he cried, "is the soft shade of the fading sunset—that subdued warmth not found in aggressive rose or cold blue milk."

I had been at work over some Japanese decorations, and was tired of fluffy birds, gawky cranes, blazing suns, and faded cherry blooms. "Just for a contrast," I said, "I will jumble together some of their swords and daggers and—yes, bows. I can look in at shop windows and see swords, and jot them down, but a bow—what is a Japanese bow like? Maybe Mr. Foxcote will show me one." At once I induced a school-teacher friend of mine to join me, and we went to Mr. Foxcote, and plied him with questions about Japanese bows.

I noticed that he was apparently surprised at the subject of my inquiries, and by no means as ready to impart information as on other occasions. It was only by degrees that my questions were answered, and at last he brought me some Japanese prints having hunting scenes. With my tracing-paper I soon had several designs of bows. Then thanking him, I was about leaving, when he retained us, bidding us prolong our visit.

"Bows! bows! They recall so much. Could there have been a Japanese Artemis?" Then Mr. Foxcote seemed plunged in thought.

"What—the sister of Apollo?" asked my friend, who was our source of mythology.

"Why not? Diana was not Hellenic, but Asiatic. I met her once."

Was Mr. Foxcote daft? We exchanged glances.

"All my troubles came from having met her; all my happiness too. I have never told it. It happened twenty-five years ago. The busy season in one of the Japanese sea-ports had closed. I had a month's holiday. I hired a fisherman's boat, and put on board of her a native man and a boy. I pushed out to sea. There was an island two hundred miles distant, unknown, I believe, to Europeans, and not given any prominence in Japanese geographies. My Japanese teacher had told me in the old time, three thousand years or more ago, our great rulers had turned one of these islands into a pleasure resort for their daughters. Then it had been death for any man to put his foot there."

"Is this island ever visited?" I inquired.

"Rarely. But do not go there; it has had an evil repute."

"What—demons?" I asked, smiling. The man shook his head gravely.

"I thought it wiser not to tell my men of our destination. We started with a pleasant breeze over a summer sea, and made good headway. That first night out a squall burst on us, and we had a rough time of it. The morning broke thick and heavy, but with smoother water.

"By-and-by we neared the island, and then I saw it was surrounded by a reef, over which the long swell of the ocean was breaking. I launched our small boat, put in it some provisions, and took with me my heavy double-barrelled English ducking gun. I ordered the man to accompany me. He pleaded the risk of the little vessel's drifting, and as I thought his fears well grounded, I bade him stay on board. I found no trouble in landing. It was about dusk when I reached the island, and saw it covered with a growth of lofty pines. As the sun was sinking below the horizon, I saw flocks of birds winging their way beyond the reefs, then wheeling back again to sea, in long lines, hesitating as to where they would make their night's nest. It was the glimmer of a lamp in the boat which caused their uneasiness. But presently the light was put out, and then inward sped the birds. As they flew over me I let the ducks have both barrels, and a dozen birds fell. The report of my gun awakened the silence, and the reverberations startled me. I gathered up my wild fowl, then rolled myself up in my blankets and was soon asleep.

"When I woke I cast my eyes seaward. The fishing-boat was gone. I ran to the beach. My little English yawl had disappeared too. I went to the nearest tree and climbed it. No sign of the boats. I was alone. There was a good chance of starvation. Could I keep alive until some fishing craft might land? I counted my cartridges. There were ten. I could exist for a while on such small game as I might kill, but then only for a limited period. Probably with shell-fish I might eke out an existence. Was there water? I at once sought for it, and found a brook not far distant. I lit a fire, found my ducks, and I broiled one. I should have to explore the island. If there were dangers, I had better face them at once. But then the boat might come in? So I waited until the next afternoon. Again at dusk the birds flew shoreward, but I would not shoot. My life might depend on my economizing my cartridges. I walked along the hard beach, my eyes scanning the sea, and then tired out, somewhat anxious too, when night came, I went toward the wood.

"The evening sea-breeze blew chilly, and I thought it better to seek such shelter as the great tree trunks would afford. Fir cones were plenty, and my bed was soon made. There were fallen branches. I had been unaccustomed to the hard Japanese pillow, so I selected a piece of a fallen branch about as big round as my leg, placed it under my head, and went to sleep.

"I had an uneasy night, disturbed by dreams. Something I thought had shaken my wooden pillow. I fancied it had vibrated. I remembered waking once during the night, and having touched my hard pillow with my hand to be assured that it was still there. When I rose with the sun, I found some difficulty in getting my head clear of my pillow. Had there been a split in the wood, or was it a twig that caught in my hair? What did I find? To my horror there were two arrows sunk beyond their barbs in the log. There they stood, those two arrows, bristling with their feathered shafts within a quarter of an inch of where my neck had been. Was it or was it not a providential escape? There must have been purpose in the selection of the mark, I argued, and the next time my life would not be spared. I looked over the ground carefully. Between where I had been sleeping and the sea there was an open glade. I slowly paced it. Just on the margin of the sand I found the traces of sandals, of small feet, the clog marks of the Japanese. I measured the distance. It was fully seventy-five yards.

"I had not long to wait. My wits were quickened by the sense of impending danger. I cocked my gun as I heard the hiss of some projectile in the air, for over the tree-tops there came, describing long curves, three arrows, which in rapid succession buried themselves in the sand. Two of them barely grazed my head, passing beyond me; the third stood bolt-upright before me within an inch of my foot.

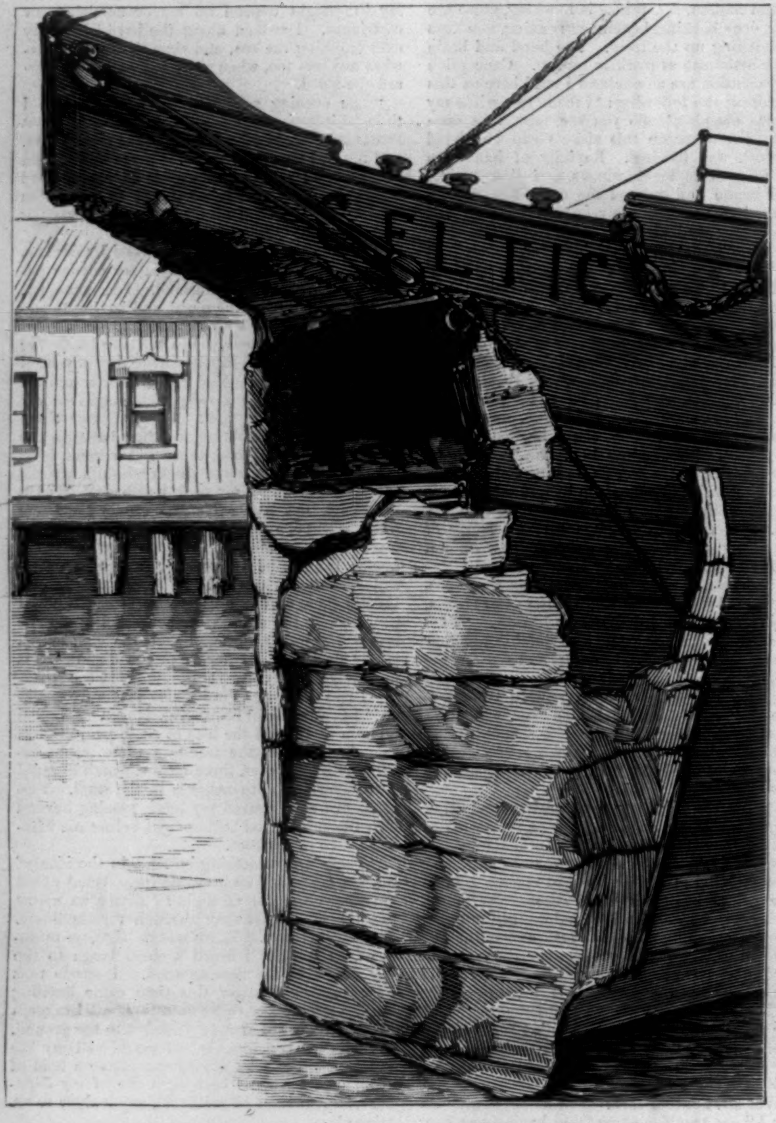
"There was something horrible in the idea of being a target for an invisible foe. What would have been the use of flight? Better an arrow through my breast than through my shoulders. All was still now. There was no sign, no movement. I thought I heard a shrill laugh to the left of me in the distant wood. I strode that way. Another arrow this time came hurtling along, and so close to my foot that had I taken a long stride it would have pinned it to the ground. My wits worked quickly. I would sell my life dearly. I would let the bowman have a load of swan-shot. Then I bethought me of my Japanese, and shouted 'Tomodachi,' equivalent to 'A friend.'

"At last a figure emerged from the dark woods. It was a woman, clad in a slate-colored robe with white sleeves, the sleeves looped behind the shoulders, exposing her arms. As she neared me I could see at her side a quiver bristling with arrows, and in her hand she held a bow. The bow was at full tension; an arrow was notched in the string. I was being stalked as deliberately as if I had been a deer. Slowly she neared me, and now was so close that I could see fearlessness and anger depicted on her face. I might have shot her. Quicker than the flight of her arrows would have torn my swan-shot. She was at my mercy. Unconsciousness of danger saved her from falling a riddled corpse at forty yards from me. Still the fixed expression of her face never changed. The angry glitter of her eye was there. Now she was within twenty paces of me, with her bow still bent. Then gazing at me intently, seeing I did not move, she slowly withdrew the arrow from the string and stood close to me.

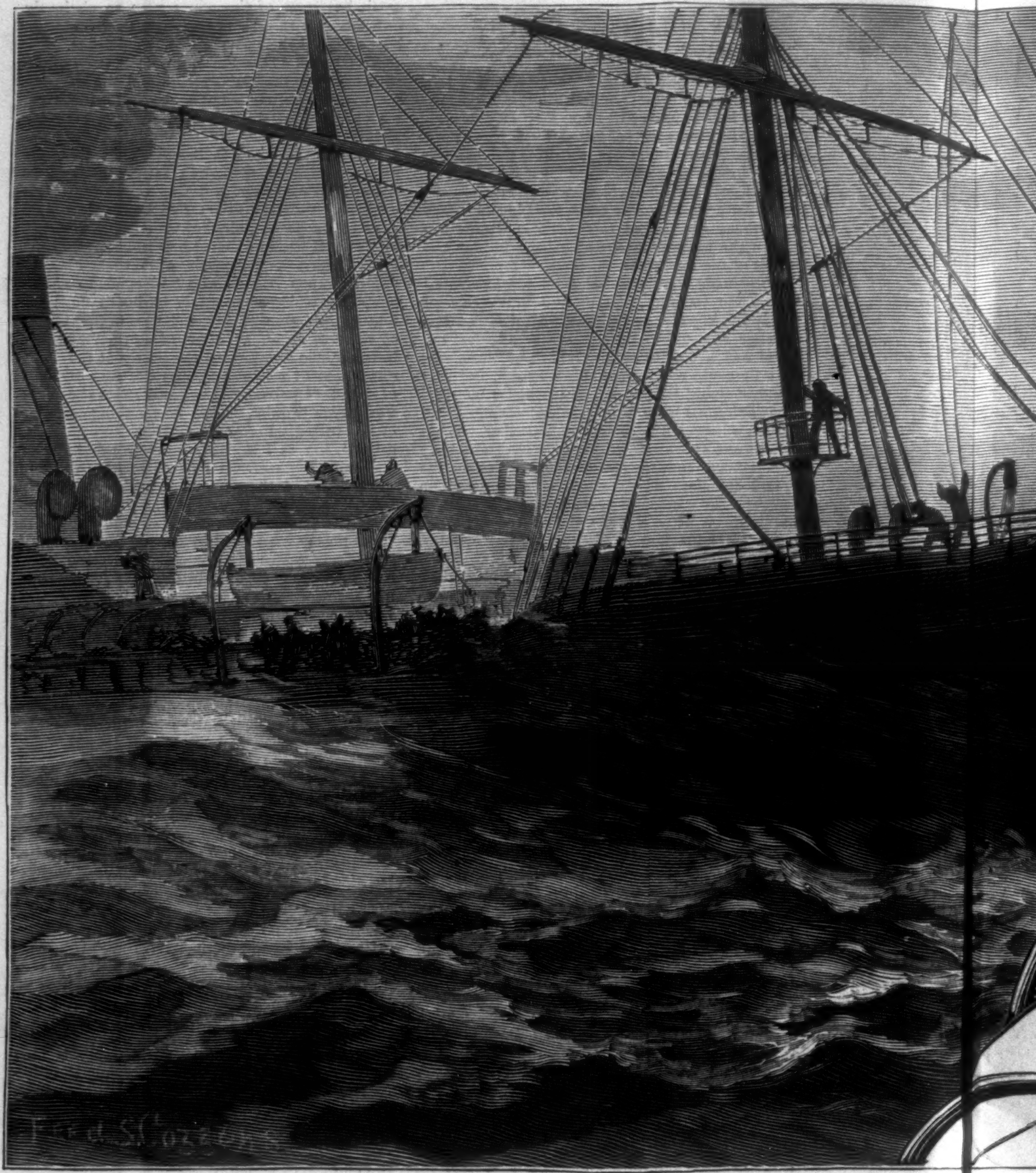
"I offered my hand. She gazed at it as if astonished. I pointed to my gun, indicating that if the bow was her weapon the gun was my arm. Still the same indifferent manner pervaded the woman. Now I looked at her she seemed to me to be of the purest Japanese type, superb in her carriage. The arms, bared to the shoulder, were faultless in their contour. The neck and bosom were covered by the folds of her dress. She was taller than all Japanese women. Her hair was a dark auburn—not artificially worked up, so as to resemble a horse-hair cushion, but great braids of it in natural coils surmounted her head. There was no flowing drapery at her feet. From the waist downward her silk robe clung to her form. Yes, a large mouth, with red ripe lips, and short white teeth, and a skin the color of a pale wheat straw, and as lustrous. She looked scorn, defiance at me, as if her anger had risen afresh at my blocking the way. What might have happened I know not, when suddenly another voice was heard, and presently an old man approached. He, too, came from the wood. He bowed to the woman, then to me, then talked long with her, and after a while, taking me by the hand, led me through the glade, plunged into the grove, the woman following close behind. I felt I was a person under guard. When I lingered I could hear the vibration of the bowstring behind me. I felt abashed, humiliated. I still had my gun. By a rapid movement I could have killed them both.

"I had not far to go. Presently I saw the ruins of an edifice of Cyclopean construction. Great trees of majestic proportions grew on what had been the esplanade of a fortress, telling of its antiquity. Within a wide enclosure spread a verdant meadow, surrounded by these old walls. Against one blackened tower that had resisted time, there stood a small Japanese house. Here

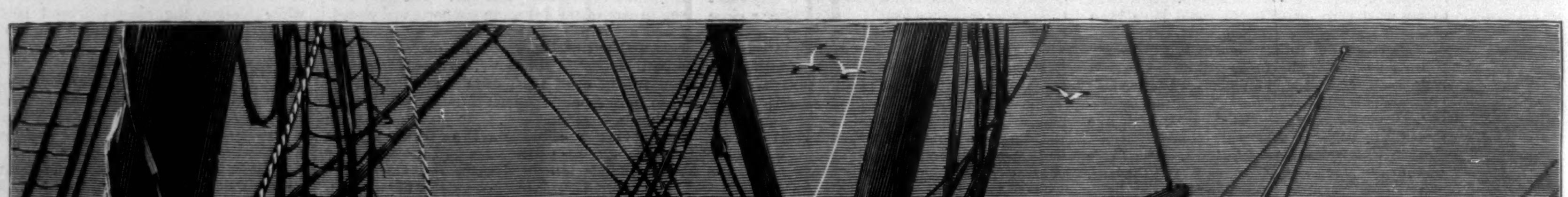
[*Continued on page 395.*]



THE BOW OF THE "CELTIC" AFTER THE COLLISION.



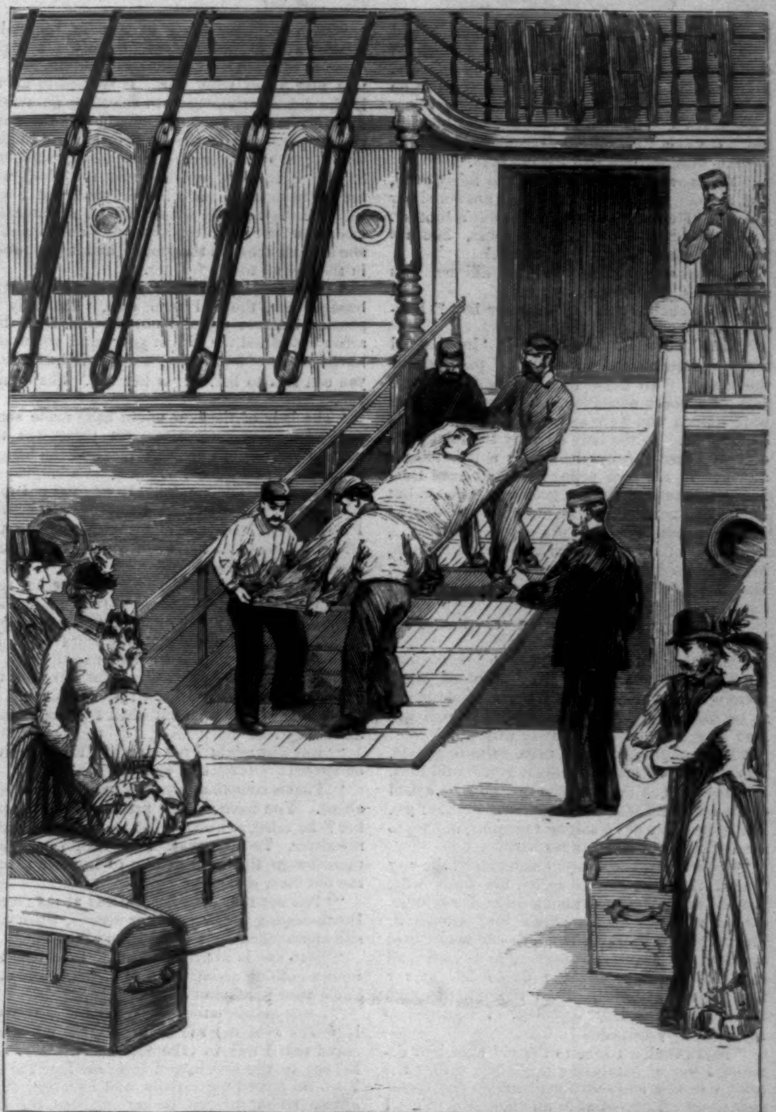
THE COLLISION—THE "C[LTIC" AN



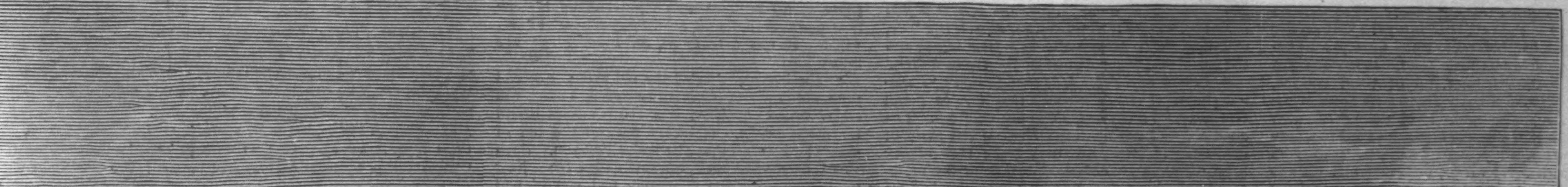
DECK OF THE "BRITANNIC" AFTER THE COLLISION.

THE "CELTIC"-"BRITANNIC" DISASTER.—After Sketches by George A

AND "BRITANNIC."



TRANSFERRING PASSENGERS TO THE "WILLIAM FLETCHER" (STEAM-TUG).



1. "Britannic." 2. "British Queen." 3. "Celtic." 4. "Marengo." 5. "Etruria."

THE DISABLED "BRITANNIC" AND "CELTIC" ALONGSIDE THE "MARENGO" AND "BRITISH QUEEN," WITH THE "ETRURIA" IN THE DISTANCE.

Allan Rudd, Passenger on the "Britannic."—[See Page 393.]